Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 8, 1958 / 25¢

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Dorothy McGuire, in the dramatization of Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio."
(See "Do Books Make the Best Theatre?" by Henry Hewes)

THE LAUGHING LINCOLN

By Richard Hanser

BIG BOOM IN GOOD BOOKS

By C. Lester Walker

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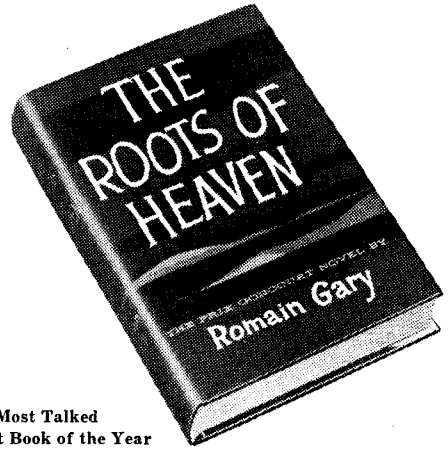

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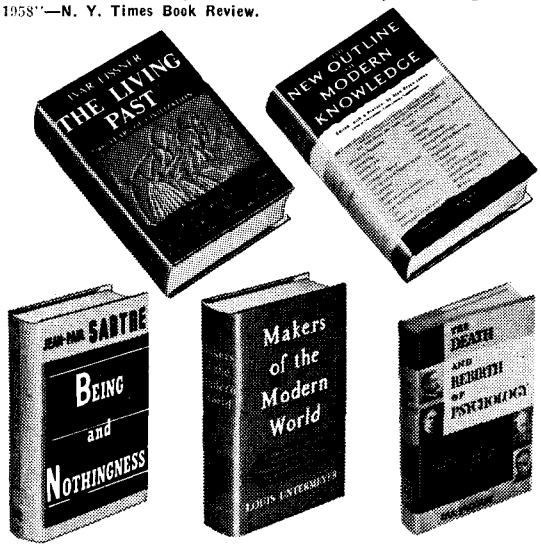

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Almost a quarter of a century has now elapsed since Roosevelt's first inauguration; the mad days of the late '20s and the heartbreaks of the early days of the Depression are even further away.

This period, for those who lived through it, was one of high excitement followed by terrible tragedies relieved by an upsurge of hope and confidence; and the time is now right to relive those days with something approaching a taut dispassion.

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It is history, alive and breathing, written in such a way that even I, who was too young to have been conscious of much with which Wilson deals, felt that I was reliving my own experiences.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The recent "Scent" contest was won by Miss Beatrice Barry of Ossining, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 8, 1958

Cover Photograph by Friedman-Abeles

SR/IDEAS

11 The Laughing Lincoln, by Richard Hanser

16 Big Boom in Good Books, by C. Lester Walker

24 Thanks to Books, by Stefan Zweig

SR/BOOKS

14 Beyond the Slavery Question, by Bruce Catton
An Essay-review of "Created Equal? The Complete Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858," edited by Paul M. Angle

15 Mr. Lincoln's Navy, by Richard S. West, Jr.
Reviewed by Theodore Roscoe

17 A Doctrine for New Weaponry, by August Heckscher
An Essay-review of "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy," by Dr. Henry A. Kissinger

18 Peril and Promise, by Gerald W. Johnson
Reviewed by Frank Luther Mott

19 Prelude to Independence: The Newspaper War on Britain, 1764-1776, by Arthur M. Schlesinger
Reviewed by Max Savelle

20 My Brother's Keeper: James Joyce's Early Years, by Stanislaus Joyce
Reviewed by David Daiches

21 The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, edited by Kathleen Coburn; The Sacred River: Coleridge's Theory of the Imagination, by James Volant Baker
Reviewed by Leslie A. Marchand

22 Gogol: A Life, by David Magarshack
Reviewed by Marvin L. Kalb

23 *SR* Goes to the Kitchen, by Helen McCully

30 They Came to Cordura, by Glendon Swarthout
Reviewed by Benjamin Appel

31 Breaking Point, by Jacob Presser
Reviewed by Nathan Rothman

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

26 Broadway Postscript

28 Booked for Travel

29 TV and Radio

30 Literary I.Q.

32 Literary Crypt

39 Music to My Ears

47 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1246

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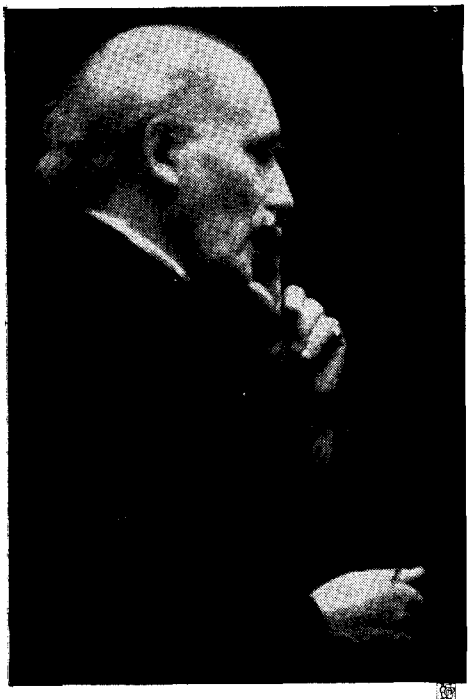

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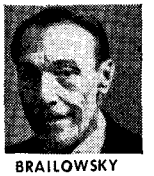
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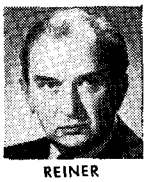
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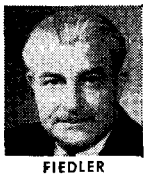
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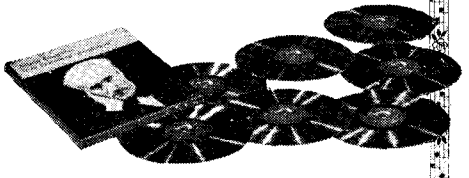

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TRADE Winds

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, January 7, 1958, Dave Garroway closed down his NBC-TV "Today" show, and walked across the street to his office. He would be going through his usual morning mail, and in it this morning he was expecting a letter or two from old friends, a couple of bills, and perhaps an advertisement here and there—and even a sports car catalogue, reflecting one of his most active hobbies.

Most of the heavy mail for the "Today" program is routed through the NBC mail room, thus enabling Dave to keep his office in a semblance of order.

But on this particular morning, something happened.

"Good morning, Mr. Garroway," his secretary said cheerfully. "There are exactly 45,000 personal letters waiting for you. Shall I serve them with the coffee and danish?"

For a moment Dave was stunned. Then he remembered.

On the previous day's program he had interviewed Nelson Rockefeller on the show. The subject was the Rockefeller Report on the problems of U. S. defense. It was a subject in which Dave, as a keen and intelligent citizen, was extremely interested. He had read the report a few days before, and felt convinced that the public should have a crack at reading it, if this were possible. Estimate of public demand for this type of rather serious public-affairs material: 1,000—maybe up to 10,000 maximum on a freak.

IN FACT, several experts had kidded Dave about the whole idea.

"Who's going to write for a book which will make people *think*?" he was asked.

"You'll have to give away a Ford V-8 with every copy," someone else commented.

Garroway shrugged and hoped for at least a glimmer of interest among his audience on a subject which needs the most alert attention of the American people today.

THE RESPONSE to an offer on television can vary tremendously. Anything over 5,000 is often considered good. Anything around 50,000—excellent. By Thursday, January 8, over 200,000 requests had stormed the NBC mail rooms. By the following Monday, the figure had swollen to 250,000. On Friday the post office had called and plaintively asked: "Mr. Garroway—when is this going to *stop*?"

No one—NBC, Garroway, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, or the overloaded mailman—had dreamed that this could happen. Usually, a special box is arranged for when a large mail is expected. This was not done, simply because it seemed impossible that a TV audience could become so aroused and interested in a subject usually reserved for the alleged minority of thinking people.

WE SPOKE to Dave Garroway shortly after this phenomenon had taken place.

"This proves a lot of things to me," he said. "In the first place, it proves that a large chunk of Americans—much larger than we think—are far from complacent. In the second place, it proves to me that our listeners have an intelligence many people in the business fail to credit them with. In the third place, I'm glad I said we had only a limited number of copies available—because while we'll be able to cover most of the requests, our supply ran out within a few days."

Actually, this welcome but unlooked-for response raised havoc with the supply of reports, and only through the cooperation of NBC, the Fund itself, and a few other civic-minded people was the largest part of the demand met.

At the present time, inquiries about the booklet are being referred to the nearest bookstore or newsstand, where

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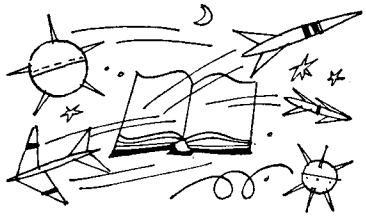
THIS UNHEARD-OF television response obscured a new event in publishing circles. Just prior to the issuing of the Rockefeller Report, Doubleday had taken on two new editors whose job is to prepare under murderous



deadlines certain publications which will explore in depth current news happenings. Newspapers can, of course, keep the public up to date on day-to-day happenings, but fall short when it comes to full details. Magazines, too, are limited in giving a wide and deep picture of an important current event. The conventional hard-cover trade book takes months to bring into final shape. Doubleday's answer is the new "Headline Publications" series, in which a fast, complete, and thorough report can be offered at a modest price to the book buyer.

Its first publication in this series was to be "The Challenge of the Sputniks" (January 19), but when the importance of the Rockefeller Report became so evident the latter was rushed to the presses on January 7 at 6 P. M.; it was coming off the presses the following Friday; it was on sale in bookstores on the following Monday. Meanwhile, of course, the Sputnik book has come out also—and a new phase of publishing had begun.

WHAT WITH Sputniks and missiles and supersonic jets and television, and all the other appurtenances of this Modern Age, it was a relief to hear news again of good old Alf Landon. He was speaking at a tri-county teachers' meeting at Minneola, Kansas, and oddly enough he sounded more like a yeasty young liberal than a former Republican candidate for President.

"The first requirement," he said, "is a new Secretary of State." Then he went on to say that we should use our Yankee ingenuity in a summit meeting. "Instead of saying no-no-no to the Soviet's proposal for a summit conference, why don't we sit down and start arguing?

"The Secretary of State says we can't trust them. Who wants to? Americans were famous once as Yankee traders who always got their money's worth. They didn't bother about the religion, the political philosophy, or sincerity of the other party, just so the deal suited them."

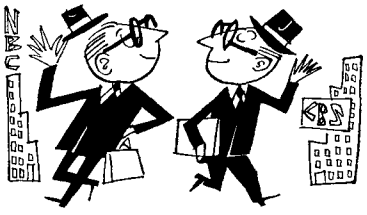
He continued by saying that Mr. Dulles's policies of brinkmanship, massive retaliation, and ultimatums were "taking the world down a dangerous road that threatens disaster for all mankind."

It does seem that in this day of missile-frenzy, war-head phobia, rocket neurosis, and ram-jet paranoia, that a little salty, Yankee wisdom could go a lot farther than nervous, blustering, and uncommunicative obscurities. The time seems ripe for a fresh, imaginative, and inspired approach to international relations, an approach which says we are living on a planet which has changed overnight, and that we must change with it—or perish.

Such an approach does not even seem to be on the horizon. Let's hope that it gets there—quickly.

THE REPERCUSSIONS of the television response to the Rockefeller Report offer extended a lot further than the mail-pull itself.

Vice President Richard Nixon, in addressing a meeting of CBS affiliates, pointed out the huge number of requests for the booklet as a dramatic example of television's power in the



field of public opinion. Since the "Today" program is carried on NBC, there were a few uneasy moments among the CBS crowd gathered.

Variety, however, ironed out the whole problem by the question: "Should CBS demand equal time from Nixon?"

For awhile, at least, it seems that NBC and CBS will continue their plan of peaceful co-existence.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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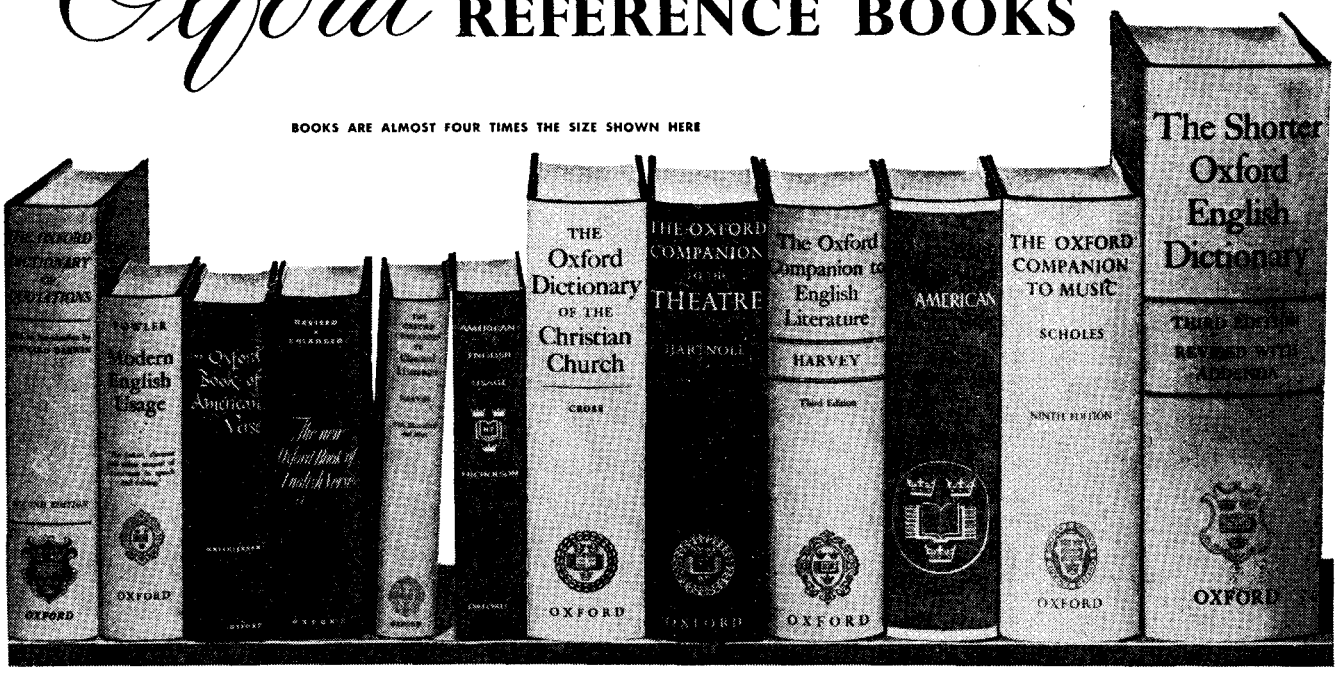
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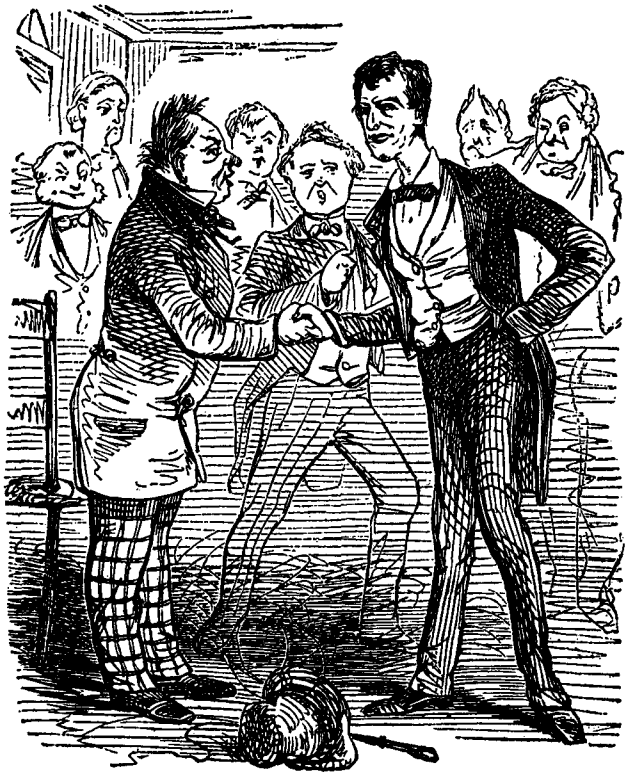
The Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 8, 1958

THE LAUGHING LINCOLN

A Sense of Comedy, A Sense of Tragedy, and a Sense of Destiny



The cartoon at right (from Vanity Fair, *December 8, 1860) is entitled "Artemus Ward on His Visit to Abe Lincoln," and records the meeting between the folksy humorist and the Great Man, his admirer, who had just been elected to a first term. In his writings Mr. Ward gave his own version of the encounter. It reads, in part: "Two fat office-seekers from Wisconsin, in endevoren to crawl between Old Abe's legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President-eleck & he would have gone sprawlin into the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these arms . . ."*

—*From "Lincoln in Caricature" (Horizon).*

By RICHARD HANSER

"NOW he belongs to the ages," intoned Secretary of War Stanton at that death bed on the morning of April 15, 1865, and the note was struck for most of the writing about Lincoln since—Lincoln the towering figure of tragedy, remote, brooding, more than mortal.

But if we have come to see him almost exclusively as a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, his contemporaries were more inclined to view him as a fellow of infinite jest.

People who had known him for thirty years before he became historic recalled him chiefly as "a tall man and a funny one." Usher F. Linden, a colleague of his courtroom days, expressed a widely prevalent sentiment when he exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, wasn't he funny!" And when he was in the White House, the *Metropolitan Record* of New York observed that his "ever-flowing humor and inexhaustible fund of jokes" spared the nation the expense of maintaining a court jester. Mr. Lincoln performed that role for himself, along with his associated duties of governing the nation, fighting the war, and saving the Union. A good many earnest citizens shared the testiness of Richard Henry Dana when he asked: "Can this man Lincoln *ever* be serious?"

It often seemed not.

When the Union forces, after months of floundering, seemed hopelessly bogged down before Vicksburg, Senator Ben Wade of Ohio went blustering into the White House to demand that Grant be dismissed at once. "Senator," said Lincoln, "that reminds me of a story—"

"Yes, yes," Wade exploded. "That is the way it is with you, Sir, all *story, story*! You are the father of every military blunder that has been made during the war. You are on the road to hell, Sir, with this government, by your obstinacy, and you are not a mile off this minute!"

"Senator," said the President, "that is just about the distance from here to the Capitol, is it not?"

The jab of the jest was sharpened soon afterwards when Vicksburg fell, and Lincoln had no more worry on that score. "When Grant once gets

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possession of a place," he used to say, "he holds on to it as if he had inherited it."

What impressed Ralph Waldo Emerson most when he visited the White House was "a sort of boyish cheerfulness" about the President. "When he has made his remark," Emerson noted in his Journals, "he looks at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth, and laughs." Others described that laugh as "boisterous," "joyous," and "like the neigh of a wild horse on his native prairie." Time after time visitors were astonished at the change which a joke—his own or someone else's—worked on the President's face.

In repose it was the face we know from the Brady and Gardner pictures: furrowed, moody, profoundly sad—what Mary Lincoln called "his photographer's face." But when something amused him, says one witness who spoke for many, "instantly there came a most marvelous transformation. I have never seen anything like it in any human being. His features were lighted, his eyes radiant. . . ."

The phenomenon of a national leader who joked incessantly and laughed freely in a time of troubles caused universal comment and no little consternation. It was unprecedented in history, and many did not know what to make of it. "One advantage the Americans now have," wrote London's *Saturday Review*, "is the possession of a President who is not only the First Magistrate, but the Chief Joker, of the Land." The English, said the *Review*, never jested about their wars, but then the English did not have "the Yankee esprit." Closer to home, however, the *New York World* saw nothing whatever to admire in Lincoln's laughter: "Let us . . . banish into outer darkness the superficial demagogue whose jesting, jibing tongue, amid our awful sorrows, betokens the presence of a buffoon or something worse."

But what so often seemed to his enemies, and sometimes even to his friends, like irresponsible or callous clowning was a simple necessity for Abraham Lincoln. Humor was both his sword and his shield, a defense against the slings and arrows which pelted in upon him, and a weapon more precious than Excalibur, for with it he could parry, feint, and strike back without killing or maiming.

Another Congressman who confronted him at a moment of blood and disaster for the Union was also met with: "Well, that reminds me of a story . . ."

The Congressman shot to his feet in outrage. He hadn't come to hear a joke at such a time.

The President looked at him—"with such a sad face"—and said, "Now, you sit down! If I couldn't tell these stories I would die . . ."

Sometimes he told his stories, and cracked his jokes, for the pure spontaneous fun of it, like any natural-born humorist. Once he was looking idly out of the window of his Springfield law office at the muddy, rain-soaked street below. Along came a stately matron wearing a many-plumed hat, and in picking her way in precariously she slipped and fell.

"Reminds me of a duck," said Lincoln to a companion.

"Why is that?"

"Feathers on her head and down on her behind," said the future President of the United States.

He could find his fun in any situation, anywhere. He was inspecting Hooker's First Corps at the front, riding in an ambulance drawn by mules over a joggling, spine-jolting corduroy road. The driver began cursing fulsomely at the mules, and the President tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, my friend. Are you an Episcopalian?"

The startled driver turned around. "No, Mr. President, I am a Methodist."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian. You swear just like Secretary Seward, who is a churchwarden."

IF THIS sort of off-the-cuff levity were all that was involved in Lincoln's humor, it would be hardly more significant or interesting than the occasional limerick which the austere Wilson liked to rattle off, or Franklin Roosevelt's jolly-good-fellow joshing with the Washington press corps. But Lincoln's humor was deep-grained and habitual, a basic component in the complex chemistry of his personality. He used his "stories" as a way of thinking and reacting. He used them as a means of making contact with other people, of winning them over or putting them off, of persuading or diverting them.

"He knew the people and how to reach them better than any man of his time," wrote Chauncey M. Depew. "I heard him tell a great many stories, many of which would not do exactly for the drawing room. But for the person he wished to reach, and the object he desired to accomplish with the individual, the story did more than any argument could have done."

His fabled fund of jokes and anecdotes reached back into his earliest boyhood, and his gift for telling them he took from his father. Thomas Lincoln does not appear to have been a remarkable character otherwise, but he was known in his circle for his drollery. "That reminds me of old John Hardin down in Kentucky . . .," he would say, and an earthy yarn that hit the mark would follow. It was the style and manner of his place and time, and Abraham Lincoln carried it with him into the White House and into history: the time-hallowed "That reminds me" as an excuse to get started; the linking of the story to some specific personality, real or invented, to supply a touch of verisimilitude; the definite place name to add a swift little stroke of local color; and

---

FURTHER READING: *Lincoln's ideals have traveled to parts of the world where the sounds of English never have been heard. The library on him is bottomless, and the five volumes* SR*'s editors cite here form only the beginning of a beginning.*

LINCOLN IN CARICATURE. *Commentaries by R. R. Wilson. Horizon (1953).* $6.50. A collection of contemporary English and American political cartoons. Perhaps the most interesting are the critical ones; we see the venom that in his time was poured on the man who later became a Universal Hero.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *By Benjamin P. Thomas. Knopf (1952).* $5.75. Probably one of the finest one-volume biographies of the Civil War President.

LIFE OF LINCOLN. *By W. H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik. World.* $1.65. The most available form of a biography, which has undergone many editorial vicissitudes, by Lincoln's Springfield friend and law-partner. Many of Herndon's facts and interpretations—such as the Ann Rutledge story—are now disputed, and the book must be read with a grain of salt.

PAPERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *Edited by David C. Mearns. Doubleday (1948).* $10. A splendid buy for those who cannot afford the nine-volume "Collected Works" (edited by Roy P. Basler, Rutgers, 1953, $115).

MR. LINCOLN'S ARMY. *By Bruce Catton. Doubleday (1951).* $4. The first of Mr. Catton's series on the personality and experiences of the Army of the Potomac, with a side-glance at Lincoln's strategical ideas.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS AND THE WAR YEARS. *By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace (1 vol. edition, 1954).* $7.50. The beloved poet was born in Southern Illinois, and injects a neighbor's love into this famous biography of his hero.

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then, short and sharp, the story itself with its double freight of fun and aptness.

The image of the young Abe Lincoln is forever fixed in our national mythology as a grave and conscientious youth trudging miles to borrow a book and losing himself in long hours of studious self-improvement before the cabin fire at night. But the earliest known specimen of his handwriting is a bit of facetious doggerel scribbled with boyish self-mockery in a copy book—

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When

And when he hired out to pull fodder on a farm near Gentryville, Indiana, his employer was not overly impressed by his industry. "I say he was awful lazy," was the verdict of Farmer John Romine. "He would laugh and talk—crack his jokes and tell stories all the time; didn't love work half as much as his pay. He said to me one day that his father taught him to work but never taught him to love it."

To diminish the pall of sheer physical labor, he would take a book along on his plowing and stop to read it at the end of the furrow while allowing his horse to "breathe." In his meager store of reading matter were Aesop's Fables and "Pilgrim's Progress," from which he probably developed his native knack of applying homely parables and illustrative anecdotes to almost every situation he encountered throughout his life. Though he never read through a novel in his life, he carried a copy of "Joe Miller's Jests" in his carpet-bag when he rode the Illinois Circuit. Long before he was known as a politician and lawyer, he was locally famous as a joker and yarn-spinner.

HIS humorous bent and gift for laughter, in fact, contributed crucially to his success in law and politics. His rise to national eminence might, indeed, have been impossible without them. He was homely, raw-boned, and unpolished, and gave many the impression on first appearance of being merely a backwoods lout. He had reached his full height of six feet four inches, by the time he was eighteen, and was correspondingly shambling and awkward, if not actually freakish. "He was the most uncouth looking young man I ever saw," said a Springfield lawyer to whose office Lincoln used to come from New Salem to borrow books.

As unpromising as Abraham Lincoln may have looked to the Springfield lawyer, however, the people among whom he lived already knew better. "The recital of a few stories," said his law partner William Herndon later, "easily established him in the good graces of New Salem. Perhaps he did not know it at the time, but he used the weapon nearest at hand and he won." The same weapon was to win for him time and again in bigger arenas and sterner tests than New Salem.

In his first known stump speech, which he compressed into a single paragraph, he described his program as "short and sweet, like the old woman's dance." From then on his political speeches were colored with vivid grass-roots talk and peppered with the coarse and hearty humor of crossroads and tavern, not all of it amiable. Once, during his last campaign for the State Legislature, he resorted to burlesque and mimicry on the platform, parodying the voice and physical mannerisms of his opponent, an unfortunate Democrat named Jesse B. Thomas who broke down and cried in exasperation as the crowd roared and cheered Lincoln on. This performance was known for years afterwards as the "skinning of Thomas."

The *Illinois State Register* applauded Mr. Lincoln's skill at political argument, but scolded him sharply for "a sort of *assumed clownishness* in his manner which does not become him . . ." The paper conceded that he could "frequently raise a loud laugh among his Whig hearers" but advised him to cut the clowning if he intended to get anywhere in politics.

But he got to Congress and continued getting laughs. The stories he remembered from the Indiana frontier and circuit-riding in Illinois served to illuminate his views on the national issues he was now called upon to deal with. He favored large Federal expenditures for internal improvements such as roads and canals, but opponents of the measures argued that the money should come from "tonnage duties, under state authority." But Lincoln wanted to know how new facilities could be financed from duties on unbuilt canals. "The idea that we could," he said, "involves the same absurdity as the Irish bull about the new boots. 'I shall nivir get 'em on,' says Patrick, 'till I wear 'em a day or two, and stretch 'em a little.' We shall never make a canal by tonnage duties until it shall already have been made a while, so the tonnage can get into it."

He used his stories, too, to drive home some blunt truths of the kind that politicians usually disguise with the glossy oratory of the rostrum. Lincoln opposed the Mexican War and was not swayed by the platitudes used to justify it. Those who contended it was not a war of aggression reminded him of "the Illinois farmer who insisted: 'I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only want what jines mine'."

THE debates with Douglas which brought him national fame and respect were, of course, full of the wisdom and clarity and compassion which were to make him a great President, but it is certain that his speeches would not

(*Continued on page* 37)

"OUR PRESIDENTIAL MERRYMAN" (*Harper's Weekly*, March 2, 1861): A fierce attack on a man who, with the last hopes of peace drowning and the hideous war nearly upon the nation, was thought to jest and horseplay around the White House like a frontier buffoon.

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Beyond the Slavery Question

One of the most significant—and ironically timely—publications of this season is **"Created Equal? The Complete Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858,"** *which Paul M. Angle has edited for The University of Chicago Press (460 pp. $7.50). For underlying the historic debates, brought together for the first time in a trade edition, are issues and political ramifications that are all too pertinent today. Bruce Catton, author of "A Stillness at Appomattox," assesses them in the following essay.*

By BRUCE CATTON

THE 1858 Senatorial campaign in Illinois produced the most famous debates in American history. The rival candidates, Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, went to the electorate together, testifying thereby to their profound faith in the democratic process. They made it possible for a great state election to be conducted with the direct simplicity of a town meeting; and, when the dust finally settled, the slavery issue had been ventilated as never before, Douglas had won re-election to the Senate, and Lincoln had made at least a fair start on the road to the White House.

Thus the Lincoln-Douglas debates have been legendary; the great model, apparently, for the conduct of a political campaign, a high-water mark in the operation of our political machinery. This model deserves much closer examination than most of us usually bother to give it, and Paul Angle has rendered an immense service by bringing the whole business out where we can study it in detail. He collects here the complete text of the seven formal debates, along with five earlier speeches which properly belong with them, and he contributes a remarkably comprehensive but concise account of the background of all of this talk; and the result is a book of uncommon importance and value, whose appearance is one of the really notable events of the publishing season.

It is a notable event because there is a good deal more to these debates than usually meets the eye, and because even a century later the central issue that lay under them is a topic of immediate and pressing concern.

Usually we get these debates in capsule form. The two men argued the Kansas-Nebraska situation, and in order to win the Illinois election Douglas let himself be maneuvered into taking a stand which made him forever unacceptable to the ardent pro-slavery people of the deep South; winning in 1858, he split the Democratic Party so that the Republicans were bound to win the Presidency in 1860. Out of an immediate defeat Lincoln plucked an enduring victory.

That is true enough as far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. For the Lincoln-Douglas debates bring us up against the baffling fact that American politics now and then display a strange fourth dimension, in which men unwittingly accomplish things they did not intend to accomplish and grapple with something greater than themselves.

Consider one of the singular facts about these debates.

We assume, as a basis for the operation of our democracy, that it is above everything else important to have a free and full discussion of the central issues of the day. Only so, we tell ourselves, can we make our democracy work in time of crisis. Well, there was a profound time of crisis in 1858, the slavery issue was by all odds the most pressing issue of the day, and these two statesmen gave it precisely the sort of full-dress discussion which our basic assumption demands. Yet what happened?

What happened, eventually, was sheer tragedy. This was the one time in our history when the democratic process proved utterly unable to handle a political problem. It would, of course, be going altogether too far to say that we got the Civil War out of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, but we did get it in spite of them—which is a very disturbing thought. Somewhere in between 1856 and 1861 the "inevitable conflict"—which had not been in the least inevitable, to begin with—did in actual fact become, if not literally inevitable, at least humanly unavoidable. The greatest high-level debate in the history of American politics did nothing to avert it. On the contrary, the lines were hardening even while the debate was in progress.

SOME of this, perhaps, is due to a simple human failure on the part of the debaters. In some ways these speeches are disillusioning. Lincoln, for example, is very frequently on the defensive. He had spoken, earlier, about a house divided, and about Scriptural authority for the supposition that such a house could not stand; all the way through, in the debates, he is explaining what he meant by this, counter-punching against Douglas's suggestion that he was advocating a bloody war. Douglas, on the other hand, tries to ride two horses at the same time, falls at last into error, and looks more like a politician trying to win an election (which he succeeded in doing) than

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, who coined the phrase and fought the cause of Popular Sovereignty as the solution to the exploding slavery issue and who three years after the debates held Lincoln's hat during his inaugural speech.

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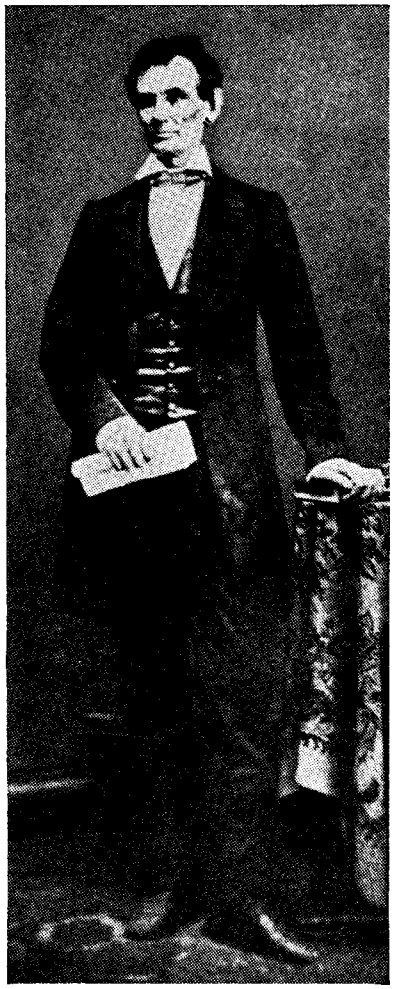
like a statesman trying to educate the public on a measure of vital importance.

We get, it may be, out of a political debate—no matter how much high-mindedness may have been attached to it—only an exercise in current politics. It is possible that in times of crisis we need more than that; possible, even, that it is precisely what we need that our political mechanism is often unable to give us. Lincoln and Douglas did the best they could do, within the frame of reference that had been set up for them; the frame was not quite big enough, and politics offered neither man a way to transcend its limitations.

But the real point goes beyond that. These two men addressed themselves to a very simple question: should the American nation put up with slavery, or move slowly but surely toward its abolition? The tragic thing about it was that neither one was ready to come to grips with the question that lay beyond the slavery question—what, in the end, is to be the real relationship between the races in America, or anywhere in the imperfect but devoted brotherhood of man? Are they equals? If they are, what does equality mean? If they are not, how is the inequality defined and made something a democracy can live with? What, finally, do black and white people do, when they are fated to rub elbows with one another from birth to death in a land which insists that it believes in complete and unvarnished human freedom for everyone?



—From "Lincoln," by S. Lorant (Harper).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who challenged his political opponent to resolve whether the people of the United States could exclude slavery prior to the formation of a state constitution; who lost that Senate race and won immortality.

This question was missed; purposely missed, because it was consciously evaded, throughout. (You can find here, from the lips of Lincoln himself, sentences which do not quite sound like the remarks of a great emancipator.) It was a question nobody was ready to face in 1858, and not very many people are much better prepared for it today, but as things worked out it was crucial. For the abolition of slavery (which, in the 1860s, was painfully decided on) simply meant that it would not thereafter be possible to dodge, smooth over or water down the underlying race question. This question, in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, got nothing much better than a somewhat desperate agreement that it did not really need to be talked about. Today it cannot be treated that way. We are talking about it, and nothing in the classic debates is of much help to us.

Were these debates, then, a failure? By no means; they took us farther than statehouse politics usually takes us toward a candid discussion of a vital issue. But they were nevertheless conceived and carried on within the limitations of courthouse politics. The surface issue with which they were concerned did, in spite of this energetic argument, take the country beyond the area in which things can be talked out and led it into that grim and tragic area where things have to be fought about. And the problem that lay beneath the surface problem was left untouched. It arises now as a matter central to our democratic process and our future as a free nation. If we propose to solve it we have to begin where Lincoln and Douglas stopped.

These two men stopped where, as they saw it, they had to stop. They could discuss the problem of the extension or the containment of slavery with a good deal of clarity—which meant that they were actually talking about whether slavery should or should not be abolished. What they could not touch—neither they themselves nor any great number of their listeners could quite face up to it—was how the final relationship between the races should be handled. Yet it was precisely this question which ultimately had to be handled; precisely this one which, without too much success, we are now tackling today. What the debates did not deal with turned out to be the living issue.

We do not (as Lincoln himself remarked a little later) always control events. Sometimes events control us. Something has had this nation in its grip, compelling it, in spite of debates and tragic wars, to work out some sort of answer to the question Mr. Angle suggests in his title—

Created *equal*?

Ironclad Episode

"Mr. Lincoln's Navy," by Richard S. West, Jr. *(Longmans, Green. 328 pp. $6.50), is an account of the sea blockade that wrecked the Confederate war effort long before General Grant took Richmond.*

By Theodore Roscoe

OF THE recent book titles entitling Mr. Lincoln to a variety of possessions (his Admirals, his Generals, his Washington) none expresses an entitlement more valid than "Mr. Lincoln's Navy." Although the possessive remains figurative, Lincoln literally was responsible for the sea blockade that wrecked the Confederate war effort long before Grant took Richmond. And he was directly responsible for the iron monitor fleet which welded that blockade.

For Lincoln sponsored the original Ericsson *Monitor* that stopped the Rebel iron-plated, blockade-busting *Merrimac*. Without that astute Presidential sponsorship, Ericsson's wonderful turret-vessel and the succeeding flotillas of "fighting rafts" might never have been built.

Ironclad *Merrimac* threatened to sink the United States's wooden-warship naval strategy overnight. Parallel might be drawn with today's situation —the innovation of Sputnik, a potential missile, flashing from Baltimore to Boston in one minute of flight. Exeunt all the old slow interceptor aircraft of yesteryear, all the Maginot Line strategy of Nike emplacements, Early Warning defenses and whatnot. All, all gone. While the author of "Mr. Lincoln's Navy" does not draw this parallel, it is there in the ironclad episode. Overnight, *Merrimac* out-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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BIG BOOM IN GOOD BOOKS

Dr. Zulli addressing his early-risers via the TV camera.

By C. LESTER WALKER

WHEN a new show, "Sunrise Semester," went on New York's WCBS last fall nobody expected much of it—least of all that it would turn out to be one of the most spontaneous smash-hits in TV history. The telecast was merely part of a course in literature offered by New York University (five lectures a week for sixteen weeks) by Dr. Floyd Zulli, Jr., on "Modern Fiction from Stendhal to Hemingway." Dr. Zulli was unknown and the hour of the telecast was a horror—6:30 a.m.

Dr. Zulli lectured the first week on Stendhal's "The Red and the Black." By the following Monday, not a copy of the novel could be bought in any bookshop in New York City. The 6:30 TV viewers had cleaned them out. The novel's publishers, Penguin Books, Inc. and Random House, reported their stocks of the book all gone. "We sold more in a week," said Random House, "than we had sold in a year."

Next day, bookstores all over New York were invaded by people wanting to buy other books which, it had been announced, would be in the lecture series — books by Balzac, Thackeray, Melville, Dostoevsky, Proust, Gide, and others. One store manager said, "We never had more customers in, nor so many kinds. The whole end of the store was a mob. We sold out a thousand copies of the second book in the series, Balzac's 'Père Goriot,' in no time." People who had no idea of taking the course bought the books just the same. A policeman rushed in, ordered the whole set of sixteen covered by the course, and rushed out, explaining, "Got to get back on the beat." One woman, mink coated and with a liveried chauffeur to carry the books, bought Hemingway, Zola, Hardy, Mann, Melville, and Dickens. "I've watched so much TV!" she said. "This gives me a chance to do some reading." A young mother confided, "With the lecture and the book I can now combine Pablum with Proust."

Dr. Zulli and New York University, meanwhile, struggled with mail. One of the prime movers in originating the project, CBS's general manager of TV, Samuel Diggs, who had helped launch the show with the university's director of radio and TV, Warren Kraetzer, had expected perhaps 200 new students. But almost 1,000 letters per week poured in from people who inquired, "How can I take the course?" or who praised the program and asked, "Please tell me where I can buy the books." After a rating survey had shown that the program had about 150,000 viewers, the university decided to continue with a follow-up semester when the first one ended. It was Diggs who particularly enjoyed this success because it was his imagination and executive daring that had made it possible for the show to go on the air. He had had to make the decision to make CBS's costly facilities available at an unheard-of hour in the morning for an academic venture which some of his realistic colleagues had viewed with the greatest skepticism. Their original skepticism was matched only by their subsequent astonishment.

HOW could such an academic and bookish program score such a popular success? The answer lies in the fact that a veritable book-reading revolution is now going on in America. Classics traditionally deemed too "highbrow" for the general run of citizens are now selling in numbers that astound even the most optimistic book publishers.

For instance, a dozen years ago any publisher who thought he could sell 10,000 copies of Homer's "Iliad" to Americans would have been to a psychiatrist. But this year one American firm announced its 500,000th sale of the "Iliad"—and its 800,000th sale of the "Odyssey." "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen, has been bought in the past few years by more than 750,000 Americans. "Wuthering Heights," the hundred-year-old Victorian novel by Emily Brontë, recently passed its one millionth sale.

Non-fiction books by the great scholars, historians, and philosophers are getting the same sort of play. "The Great Dialogues of Plato," Alfred North Whitehead's "Adventures of Ideas," Arnold Toynbee's "Greek Historical Thought"—all formerly considered too intellectual for mass popularity — have long since reached six-figure sales.

"Today even a Medieval-Renaissance classic like Dante's 'Inferno'," one publisher told me recently, "numbers its readers by the hundreds of thousands. Our edition alone has sold over a quarter of a million. And from impatient readers constantly come letters: 'Please hurry your new translation of 'The Divine Comedy's' other two parts, 'The Purgatorio' and 'The Paradiso'."

The amazing thing about this reading revolution, publishers say, is that the readers in great part are people who are discovering for the first time the leisure-time enjoyment of good reading. A man in North Dakota wrote a publisher: "Just read the 'Odyssey.' Boy, that Homer sure can write! Have you more by him?"

At San Francisco's Treasure Island Navy PX, a young gob was scouting the book rack one day for a whodun-it. The particular title he wanted was out of stock, so on sheer speculation the sailor walked out with

(*Continued on page* 38)

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A DOCTRINE FOR NEW WEAPONRY

Once again a great national debate has been galvanized by a book. With each passing week ***"Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy"*** *seems to increase in impact. It has triggered discussions inside our Congress and without. Because of its topicality, and because its author, Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, headed the team that produced the recent Rockefeller Brothers Fund Report,* SR *has asked August Heckscher, director of the Twentieth Century Fund, for a re-analysis of the Kissinger study.*

By AUGUST HECKSCHER

THE really important debate on foreign policy is being carried forward today above the partisan level, outside the fetid atmosphere of the Congressional committee room, and apart from the editorial pages of the press. It has its origin in books; it is pursued in the form of contrasting concepts and doctrines. Philosophy is taking the place of slogans. Even where a major protagonist in the party struggle enters the debate, his appeal, like Senator Lyndon Johnson's, is based on the broadest considerations of strategy—"high strategy" it must be said, despite the suspicion (in this space age) that one may be punning.

It is significant that the liveliest of current controversies was launched by a quiet-speaking scholarly figure, emerging weekly from an academic retreat to set off his intellectual bombs. He was answered by another scholarly gentleman, who combines the practice of law with an urbane and sometimes mordantly disillusioned wit. Of course, Mr. Kennan and Mr. Acheson have been chief actors in the plot themselves; but it is as men of thought, rather than men of action, that they now put their case. It is not only the academic and legal professions from whence cometh our help; at least one outstanding foundation has abandoned the popular assumption that research must be by definition useless, and its report on defense measures has been called for by the hundreds of thousands.

All this is to the good; and all of it (or at least a great part of it) can be traced to the impetus of Dr. Henry A. Kissinger's book **"Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy,"*** first published in the spring of 1957. The book has already become something of a classic in its field. At least it is a classic in the sense that it is discussed by people who have not read it very carefully, and undoubtedly bought by people who have little hope of ever reading it. Dr. Kissinger is neither a military man nor an ex-State Department official. He is a thorough and highly perceptive student of history, habituated to moving in the realms of concepts and ideas. His book represents the kind of thinking which an intelligent layman would like to believe himself capable of, in an age when the most firmly settled of assumptions are challenged by the most plainly revolutionary technologies.

Dr. Kissinger not only had the time for reflection which is denied to most laymen; he also benefited from a variety of advice and of specialized knowledge. During the time he was at work on this study he met regularly with a study group of the Council on Foreign Relations in New York. Committees too often blight original or creative study, and can prove as painful to those who contribute as to those who are supposed to extract from their deliberations something even mildly useful and coherent. In this case, however, the procedure seems to have worked. A group of experienced and informed men provided their insights and acted as a sounding board for the author's developing themes. But the study itself is begotten solely by an individual.

The book begins and ends with an insistence upon the importance of sound doctrine—of well-conceived and durable theory—in a field where too often the "objective facts" of technology and weaponry have been assumed to be the shaping factors. Nuclear bombs seemed so overwhelming and decisive a force that their first effect was to convince many people they were relieved of the need to think about them. The bombs existed, and that was enough. Yet it is striking that during the postwar period, when the United States possessed an atomic monopoly, we were neither able to prevent Russia from accomplishing objectives adverse to our national interests nor were we able conspicuously to advance our own aims. It may be said that things would have been different had we been prepared to take unilateral action or to open a preventive war. Perhaps; but the very fact that we were unwilling to take such steps is proof of Dr. Kissinger's argument that force is only relevant when it is related to sound doctrine and accepted policy. If force by itself were the determining factor, the United States, for a brief period at least, would have enjoyed such dominance on the world stage, together with such freedom of action, as no nation has attained before.

THE tendency in every technological breakthrough is to superimpose the new upon old forms; to assume that everything else remains the same while the radically altered factor is introduced. As Dr. Kissinger points out, the first internal combustion engine was treated as if it were a substitute for a horse, electricity as if it were a substitute for gas flame. Nuclear weapons were treated as if they were merely a better way to fulfill the bombing missions of World War II. In fact they do not extend existing forms of warfare; they transform them. They create a wholly new situation, which requires that the nature, the methods, and the objectives of war be re-examined from top to bottom.

Of course, it is now possible to pulverize cities more effectively than during the 1940s. The question is: do we want to? Or more significantly: is there a real advantage in doing so? We may as a nation let ourselves be maneuvered into a position where the only available course is the futile and desperate one of trying to erase the

(*Continued on page* 33)

*Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper & Bros. 455 pp. $5.

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Encroachments Upon Freedom

"Peril and Promise," by Gerald W. Johnson *(Harper. 110 pp. $2.75), is an inquiry by a veteran journalist into the status of free thought and expression in America today. His findings are weighed for us by Frank Luther Mott, author of "News in America" and other books dealing with the press.*

By Frank Luther Mott

NIAGARAS of news have poured through the presses since Gerald W. Johnson wrote his little book "What Is News?" some thirty years ago. In that long-ago he felt that the free press had been losing ground "inch by inch" for a decade past. In this new book, which is subtitled "An Inquiry Into Freedom of the Press," Mr. Johnson presents evidences of new encroachments not only upon freedom of the press but on freedom of thought in America.

The main thesis of this new and more comprehensive book is that in this era of cold-war fear the old doctrine that equates conformity of opinion with right may easily become so strong that it will overthrow liberty of thought and expression. The First Amendment is no Gibraltar, Mr. Johnson reminds us; he shows how Constitutional provisions can be watered down. Does not the Second Amendment provide for the right of the people to "bear arms"? Can you carry a gun without a special permit? No, "we cannot rely on the Constitution any more than on the press to protect our liberties," says Mr. Johnson; and he adds, wisely and irrefutably, "We cannot rely on anything but ourselves. In the last analysis it is the people who must protect both the press and the Constitution, not the other way about."

But he sometimes doubts whether the people are going to exert this power of protection, which they and they alone possess, in view of the primary weakness of a democracy—namely, its propensity for being drawn off by false leaders into movements which periodically attack our basic freedoms, such as the alien and sedition prosecutions, Know-Nothingism, the Ku Klux Klan, and McCarthyism. Nor is Mr. Johnson unconcerned about the less spectacular and more insidious assault on individual freedom offered by the forces of mass communication and mass culture. He makes much of John Stuart Mill's observations about "the servility of mankind toward the supposed preferences of their temporal masters or of their gods."

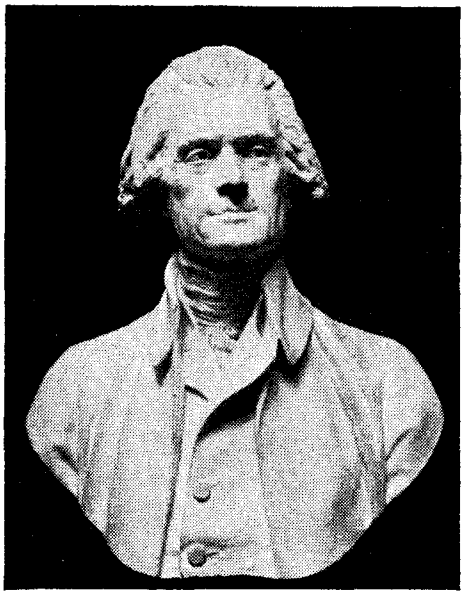
However, Mr. Johnson is, after all, optimistic. He recalls that the older threats to freedom were vanquished without disaster (there is no mention of the Civil War or modern racism); and, in view of the fact that "we have stood up to the cold war for twelve long years" without conclusive loss of freedom, "perhaps the old American love of liberty merely drowses" and may "at any moment start out of its sleep."

This book is full of stimulating ideas, not often remarkable for their novelty but well worth rethinking and restating. To use a country metaphor, Mr. Johnson does a lot of pulling and hauling, gee and haw, rather than plowing a clear, straight furrow; in that respect, he is more philosopher than journalist.

The reasons that he centers his book on freedom of the press seem to be two. First, once a newspaperman always a newspaperman, and Mr. Johnson had an honorable career of some thirty years in newspaper work. Second, he believes that "newspapers are the source of the great bulk of our information," and that "the capacity of the press to provide that information unadulterated" is of supreme importance "in creating and maintaining the climate of opinion in which liberty can survive." Or to put it more simply, as Thomas Jefferson once did, liberty of the press "guards our other liberties."

Hence Mr. Johnson devotes much of his book to analysis of the status of today's American newspaper. He sees "peril" in the power of the newspaper publisher in this era of consolidation and "monopoly." He sees "promise" in the self-correcting nature of journalism (when it "gets too bad it cuts its own throat") and in the character of the modern journalist, which he dissects with much insight. But the final and decisive "promise" lies in a public opinion that has not degenerated and a popular sentiment that still stands for freedom.

You and I will find a good many things with which to disagree in this suggestive essay. This is as it should be. The author occasionally argues with himself. But all will find him thoughtful and sometimes challenging.



—Bust of Jefferson by Houdon.

"Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."
—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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The Whig-Tory Tug-of-Words

"Prelude to Independence: The Newspaper War on Britain, 1764-1776," by Arthur M. Schlesinger *(Knopf. 318 pp. $6), is a history of the partisan newspaper battles in the thirteen colonies in the years prior to the Declaration of Independence. Dr. Schlesinger's study is considered here by the author of "Foundations of American Civilization"—Max Savelle.*

By Max Savelle

—Walter R. Fleischer.

Arthur Schlesinger—"... political moralist."

THE PLACE of the press in the history of the United States has been an important one, ever since the newspaper first appeared in Anglo-America shortly after the year 1700. At no time, probably, has the role of the press been more significant or decisive—or have newspaper battles been more furious or bitter—than in the twelve or thirteen years just prior to the Declaration of Independence.

Professor Arthur Meier Schlesinger has written, in this book, a scholarly and thoughtful history of the newspapers in the "thirteen" colonies during those critical years and of their powerful influence upon the course of events that led the "thirteen" to the fateful step of secession from the British Empire. And it is a highly significant history; for, as Professor Schlesinger says, "although a multitude of factors from the Sugar Act onward pushed the colonists along the road to independence, the movement could hardly have succeeded without an ever alert and dedicated press."

Not that the Whig, or pro-independence papers had everything their own way. Far from it, indeed; for there were a number of extremely competent newspaper publishers, from the beginning of the crisis to its end, who took the Tory side—men like John Mein and James Rivington—and gave the Whig editors and publicists quite as good as they sent. But the current of events was flowing in a Whiggish direction; and the power and influence of the Tory press declined during that fateful dozen years while that of the Whig press mounted. Professor Schlesinger's history of the Tory press is just as penetrating and as marked with historical insight as that of the Whig.

The activities of the American newspapers during the crisis may be said to have occurred in waves or spurts. The first of these took place at the time of the Stamp Act. The second boiled up as a reaction to the Townshend program. During the years between the repeal of most of the Townshend duties and the Boston Tea Party there was a long period of inactivity, during which it was difficult for the radical Whig leaders to keep alive the interest in journalistic controversy: There just weren't any issues. The people were too prosperous and contented, and they were paying without complaint the remaining duties from the Sugar Act, the Townshend Tea duty, and others. But with the enactment of the Tea Act, the Boston Tea Party, and, most particularly, the passage of the punitive "Intolerable Acts," there were issues a-plenty, and the newspaper press whipped up American feeling to white heat. Finally, after the resort to arms and the first suggestions of the idea of independence, the newspaper proved to be an effective implement for the propagation of this idea among the people.

At every stage of this course of events the newspapers were directly and intimately connected with the groups, the institutions, and the personalities that stood on the two sides of the developing conflict. The Whig papers, in general, worked hand-in-glove with the assemblies, the Merchants' Committees, the Committees of Safety, and the Sons of Liberty; the Tory papers worked equally closely with the royal governors, the pro-English Councils, the customs collectors, and the Tory Anglican preachers.

It was a time of violence, violence of word and of deed. Especially the Whig papers encouraged the mob; toward the end they made it their business to justify violence on the ground "that rebellion was both right and practicable"; further, from proposing economic boycott of the mother country the newspapers became its enforcers, using for that purpose the publication of the names and misdeeds of those they judged culpable.

Indeed, the intimate participation of the newspapers in the tensions and the actions of the times constituted a veritable revolution in American journalism.

From mere narrators of foreign news and opinion the newspapers became intense partisans in local conflicts; from being mere printer-publishers the editors of the newspapers became active, often fanatical, molders of public opinion; from nonpartisan reporters the newspapers became effective engines of propaganda, using a wide variety of mechanisms for stirring their readers—catch phrases, hagiolatry, demonology, calculated violence, "planned lawlessness," songs, verse, broadsides, cartoons, and many others.

Above all, the furious battles of words indirectly brought about a long step toward an acceptance of the freedom of the press. At the beginning, when the Tory press had the support of government agencies and courts that followed the old common-law precedents relative to libel, the Whig papers loudly invoked the names of Peter Zenger and Andrew Hamilton to justify their demand for freedom of the press to print the truth. Later, when prosecutions for libel failed because American juries would not convict, the Whig press used its influence to suppress its Tory rivals and formulated a plausible rationalization for its abandonment of the principle. Yet, despite the fact that the Continental Congress refused to endorse the principle, the net outcome was a much-widened acceptance of the modern procedures as to libel and a clearer expression of the principle, as expressed in the Virginia Bill of Rights that "the freedom of the press is one of the great bulwarks of liberty, and can never be restrained but by despotic governments."

But the significance of the newspaper press in the history of these critical years does not derive merely from the revolution in journalism. For the newspapers were also the vehicles by which the theoretical justification of American resistance and the Tory rebuttal were laid before the people.

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Thus, by the publication of the "Virginia Resolves" and the serialization of such significant theoretical essays as John Dickinson's "Farmer's Letters," or the arguments of "Massachusettensis" (Daniel Leonard) or "Novanglus" (John Adams) the newspapers became the purveyors to the people of much of the best of the political theory produced in those years of able political theorizing on the constitutional structure of the British Empire.

Moreover, it was the newspapers that spread the idea of independence when all efforts at pacification had failed, notably by serializing Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," and provided, in many a "letter" and essay, the rationalizations that convinced the people they were justified in resorting to violence against their king.

At the end, Professor Schlesinger lays down the robe of the objective, scientific historian and takes up the pen of the political moralist:

> The sober second thought of the Revolutionary generation thus in the end conferred a priceless boon on American journalism and the democratic process; the rooted conviction that freedom of utterance ranks unique among human rights as the protector and promoter of all the others. . . . That indeed is the durable lesson which posterity has ignored at its peril and never for long. Next to Independence itself, it was the Revolutionary generation's greatest legacy to the American people.

Here is, indeed, a moment when the historian would seem to be justified—if he ever is—in reminding a people that the way to national wisdom may be in thoughtful re-examination of the struggles for freedom revealed in the history of its origins.

LITERARY TITANS

Fraternal Portrait of the Artist

"My Brother's Keeper: James Joyce's Early Years," by Stanislaus Joyce *(Viking. 266 pp. $5), throws a revealing light on the motivations of the author's older brother and shows exactly how Joyce refashioned human clay into art. Our reviewer is the distinguished British literary critic and educator, David Daiches.*

By David Daiches

JAMES JOYCE'S younger brother has written a fascinating account of his famous brother's early life, and written it not simply as a family anecdotalist but from a point of view which blazes with its own strong feeling. For Stanislaus, though he had not James's genius and in early life imitated and subordinated himself to his elder brother, was neither a shadow nor a mirror: he was a man of acute intellect, remarkable literary judgment, and powerful feelings and prejudices. It is a great pity that he did not live to finish the manuscript of this book, which remains only a fragment and does not tell of the all-important period in Trieste between 1905 and 1915 when Stanislaus really was his brother's keeper and helped him with all kinds of practical advice and criticism besides rescuing him from excessive drinking. But we must be grateful for the fragment that we have; it is full of meat, and gives vivid glimpses of the home life of the Joyces in James's childhood that are of the first importance for the student of the development of his mind and art.

Much of the information which Stanislaus gives us enables us to see exactly how James modified autobiographical material for the purposes of his art. There is a viciously sharp picture of Mrs. Conway, the Mrs. Riordan of "A Portrait of the Artist," as well as detailed accounts of other characters who figure in the book. Running right through it is a bitter portrayal of the father, the Simon Dedalus of the "Portrait" and "Ulysses," who is treated by James with an almost sentimental affection as something of a stage Irishman but whom Stanislaus indicts with real hatred as a cruel and incompetent egotist who drove his wife to her death and almost destroyed his whole family. It is interesting to discover that Stanislaus not James took the lead in rebelling against the religion in which they had been brought up, and the younger brother is consistently more violent in his attacks on Catholicism than the elder ever was. Further, the scene that haunts Stephen Dedalus throughout "Ulysses"—Stephen's refusal to kneel down and pray at the request of his dying mother because he felt that to do so would betray his deepest convictions—turns out to be much grimmer than the original, where, the mother having already lapsed into unconsciousness, an exhibitionist uncle knelt and prayed in a loud voice and was angered when both James and Stanislaus refused to follow his example.

From an early age Stanislaus believed his elder brother's genius, and helped with criticism both positive and negative as well as with ideas for stories. It was Stanislaus who kept a diary in which he noted down details of Dublin life as he encountered them, and apparently James was in the habit of reading his brother's diary without permission to find there material he could refashion into art. James, though he kept no diary, was also in the habit from quite an early age of writing "epiphanies," short prose pieces distilling the essential mood or quality of a situation. But Stanislaus, criticizing, suggesting, encouraging, re-

Stanislaus Joyce—". . . neither shadow nor mirror."

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—Berenice Abbott.

James Joyce—". . . always the pioneer."

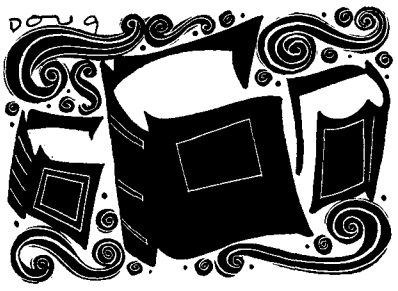
straining, exhorting, seems to have exerted an important influence on James's early work. (His influence waned as his brother matured; Stanislaus was dubious about "Ulysses" and throughly disapproving of "Finnegans Wake.") Particularly interesting is the account of James's early poetry, of the encouragement and criticism he got from Yeats, William Archer, and others, and of Stanislaus's own part in deciding the direction of James's poetic talent. Stanislaus thought of his brother's poetic gift as essentially that of a graceful and passionless piper, and he was delighted when Yeats, in a letter to James written in December, 1902, confirmed his judgment by talking of his poetry as that of "a young man who is practising his instrument, taking pleasure in the mere handling of the stops." It was Stanislaus who suggested the title "Chamber Music," with no intention whatever of introducing the comic domestic suggestion which Herbert Gorman and others have seen implied in the words.

There are several corrections and modifications of Gorman's biography in this book, as well as a few direct denials of alleged facts cited by a number of writers of reminiscences and biographical articles on Joyce. Occasionally we feel that, while there can be no doubt of Stanislaus's integrity and sincerity, his own strong feelings may have carried him away and produced an unconscious distortion. Again and again we are struck by the personality of the author, by the violence and passion with which he maintains his views of Ireland, of the Church, of his father, and of certain moral questions. Above all, we are impressed by the degree to which the younger brother was involved in the literary ambitions and self-preparation of the elder. James was always the pioneer, in his reading and in his development of a view of art; but Stanislaus followed close behind, sometimes helping his brother to correct and define his thought by playing the *advocatus diaboli,* sometimes aiding with illustrations and examples, sometimes bluntly objecting.

The book has a brief and somewhat platitudinous preface by T. S. Eliot and an informative introduction by Richard Ellmann, a notable scholar of both Joyce and Yeats. Mr. Ellmann has also edited Stanislaus's manuscript to make the present book, and he has supplied a few notes which are disappointingly perfunctory. Surely anyone literate enough to be interested in Joyce does not need to be told that Sir Peter Teazle is a character in "The School for Scandal"; but he might have been told (what Mr. Ellmann apparently does not know) that the collection of English folk songs "by Cyril Sharpe" referred to by Stanislaus on page 162 is one of the well-known collections of English folk songs by Cecil Sharp, and that (as Mr. Ellmann knows very well) the line quoted from Yeats on page 181 has had its meaning reversed by the addition of the word "not." Mr. Ellmann occasionally draws the reader's attention to a passage in "Ulysses" or "Finnegans Wake" where an incident told by Stanislaus Joyce is incorporated or reflected. He does not point out—what seems to me extremely interesting, and what I discovered for the first time from this book—that the language and cadence of the conclusion of "The Dead," the last story in "Dubliners," which is repeated more than once in Joyce's later work, derives from a poem by the Elizabethan lutanist John Dowland, "Weep no more, sad fountains," which Stanislaus tells us was James's favorite poem. Each stanza ends

> That now lies sleeping
> Softly, now softly lies
> Sleeping.

This is immediately reminiscent of: "His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead."



"Inquiring Spirit"

"The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," *edited by Kathleen Coburn (Bollingen Series No. 50. Pantheon Books. Vol. I, 1794-1804, in two parts: Text, 546 pp.; Notes, 615 pp. $12.50),* ***"The Sacred River: Coleridge's Theory of the Imagination," by James Volant Baker*** *(Louisiana State University Press. 308 pp. $4.50), give one the opportunity to peer into both the conscious and subconscious mind of the British poet, critic, and philosopher. Leslie A. Marchand, who reviews these volumes, is the author of the recently published three-volume "Byron: A Biography."*

By Leslie A. Marchand

FOR more than 100 years the seeds scattered so prodigally from Coleridge's "seminal mind" have been sprouting in the intellectual gardens of the world. According to their cultivation, they have produced some of the finest flowers of philosophy and criticism, or the worst weeds of disputation and prejudice. In his notebooks this "Inquiring Spirit" made record of every variety of thought and impression that passed through his fertile mind for a period of nearly forty years, from 1794 to near his death in 1834. The memoranda of these pocketbooks range from the practical (how to make with lime, ashes, and water "an admirable and healthy Close Stool") to the most abstract speculations inspired by his reading of German idealist philosophers. They include ideas for poems, subjects for essays, sensitive impressions of landscapes, of light and shadow, observations on the habits of children and animals, striking comparisons, records of dreams (Coleridge was fascinated by the relationship of dreams to waking thoughts and had an instinctive feeling for the significance of the subconscious), aphoristic wisdom garnered from his omnivorous reading or distilled from his own restless cogitations. Part of the charm of these notebooks is that, unlike the diaries and journals of other poets and egotists, like Byron and Boswell, they were not written with an eye to publication, and hence give the illusion that one is looking directly into the mind of a thinking man.

This first instalment of a projected five- or six-volume edition of Coleridge's notebooks, each with its ac-

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companying volume of notes, contains 1,842 entries from the years 1794-1804, arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order. The editing by Kathleen Coburn, the distinguished Coleridge scholar of the University of Toronto, is meticulous and intelligent. The notes give translations of the numerous quotations from Greek, Latin, and German which fill many pages of the notebooks, and the editor has traced the sources of most of them and has added illuminating comment on Coleridge's use of material both original and borrowed in his poems and prose works. Except for some entries in the Gutch notebook which John Livingston Lowes quoted in "The Road to Xanadu," the selection edited by E. H. Coleridge as *"Anima Poetae,"* and a few excerpts in previous publications, the vast bulk of the notebooks are hitherto unpublished.

This volume contains Coleridge's record of his ideas and impressions during the most productive period of his poetic life. It includes jottings of the marvelous year that saw the creation of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan," some account of his sojourn in Germany, a record of his early associations with the Wordsworths, and a few sad confessions touching the wreck of his marriage and his hopeless love for Sara Hutchinson. Even in the early notebooks it is not difficult to trace the bent of Coleridge's mind. The romantic bias of his concept of poetry is seen in such entries as these: "Poetry, like schoolboys, by too frequent & severe corrections, may be cowed into Dullness!" and "Poetry without egotism comparatively uninteresting." And there are overtones of his long battle against mechanistic theories of mind and imagination. In 1801 Coleridge wrote: "Something mean in action. Even the Creation of the Universe disturbs my Idea of the Almighty's greatness—would do so, but that I conceive that Thought with him Creates."

Professor Baker's volume, "The Sacred River," is a thorough and clarifying study of "the role of the unconscious in Coleridge's theory of imagination." With admiration and respect for Coleridge's introspective and intuitive contributions to concepts of the mind's working in creative moments, Baker is not blind to the extremism of his sniping at the materialists. He has shown the weakness of Coleridge's famous distinction between imagination and fancy, wherein the latter term is equated with the associative power of the mind and then assumed to be merely a mechanical function, whereas Coleridge's own examples indicate that the distinction is one of degree and not of kind. Baker has traced the shaping of Coleridge's theory of the imagination and has pointed up his final awareness of the interplay of conscious and unconscious, active and passive, in the creative acts of the mind.

To say that Coleridge was not an original thinker is merely to juggle terms. He himself was willing to acknowledge his debt to others. He wrote in his notebook in 1803: "Those only who feel no originality, no consciousness of having received their Thoughts & opinions from immediate inspiration, are anxious to be thought originals—the certainty & feeling is enough for the other, & he rejoices to find his opinions plumed & winged with the authority of venerable Forefathers."

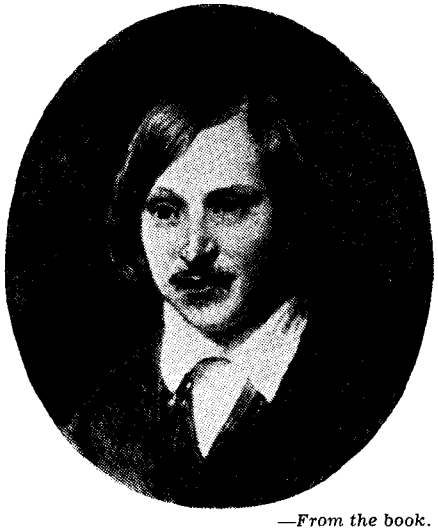
The Vision of a Genius-Writer

"Gogol: A Life," by David Magarshack *(Grove Press. 329 pp. $6.50), is the biography of a twisted genius who has been called the first of Russia's great modern writers. Marvin L. Kalb, who reviews the Magarshack study, recently returned from an extended stay in the Soviet Union.*

By Marvin L. Kalb

NIKOLAI VASSILEVICH GOGOL-JANOVSKY, whose ancestors were Polish Catholics and who was born in the Orthodox Ukrainian village of Vassilevka on March 19, 1809, dedicated his life, according to his biographer, David Magarshack, to the "transcendental mission to save Russia, an idea that was completely divorced from reality but that obsessed him to the exclusion of everything else." "That," Mr. Magarshack concludes, "was the tragedy of his life."

Gogol-Janovsky was an imaginative, devoted, bedeviled, brilliant personality, who possessed a sharp pen that he first poked into Russia's ribs to make the awakening giant laugh and later pointed, like the accusing finger of an intolerant preacher, at her many faults, which made her bitter and resentful—altogether a personality as puzzling to literary historians and his contemporaries as the unusual combination of his natural and religious background and his life's mission.



—*From the book.*

Nikolai Gogol—". . . defied reality."

Gogol has been called the first of Russia's great modern writers. To some he is the best. His influence upon world literature may not have been as great as Dostoevsky's or Tolstoy's, but he has occupied a rather unique position among Russians, who claim a reader must be Russian fully to appreciate the profound depths of Gogol. Certainly, among many modern Russian writers and students Gogol is very highly treasured. Vladimir Dudintsev, author of last year's sensation, "Not By Bread Alone," admitted last year at a lecture in Moscow that his work was inspired by Gogol's example of the "big theme"—the idea that it is possible in a single novel to embrace the major issues of life.

Gogol's personal big theme—that he could utilize his pen to save Russia from moral and political chaos—is described by Mr. Magarshack in less adequate terms than the other points in the book. The author, who already has to his credit a long list of superb translations from Russian literature and biographies of Chekhov, Turgenev, and Stanislavsky, writes well, makes his other points convincingly, and translates whole sections of Gogol for this biography with beautiful facility. But, the author springs his main point upon the reader almost as an afterthought—on the last page of the book.

In almost every other way the book is refreshingly good. I was especially pleased this biographer did not in-

(*Continued on page* 34)

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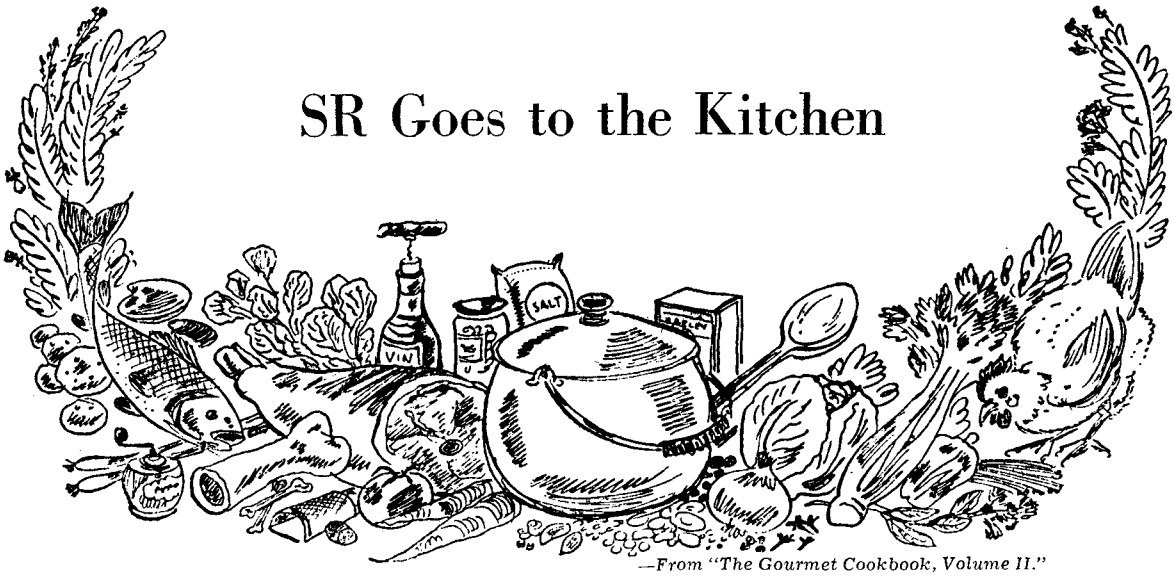
SR Goes to the Kitchen



—From "The Gourmet Cookbook, Volume II."

By HELEN McCULLY, *Food Editor,* McCall's *magazine.*

FOLLOWING World War II and as a direct result of our shrinking world, food patterns in the British Isles as in the United States have been gradually changing—a change that is reflected in the family menu as well as the *carte du jour.* Hot dogs, doughnuts, and milk shakes are now as familiar to the English lad as they are to his American cousin, and the pizza, until recently an Italian savory exclusively, is today an old familiar food on both sides of the Atlantic. What is really happening, of course, is that the whole world is exchanging food ideas—greatly to the advantage of all of us. And that brings up a fabulous (I use this word advisedly) new cook book by two English women, **"The Constance Spry Cookery Book,"** by Constance Spry and Rosemary Hume (Dutton, $10). Here you will find this exchange in action. Without any question the best and most comprehensive cook book published in 1957, if not in many years, it proves that when talented people get together the results are spectacular. Taste, in its broadest meaning, was the obvious guiding principle in the planning and writing of this cook book. Although, as Miss Spry points out in her foreword, French cooking is the basis of their "teaching," there are recipes from all over the Continent, America, and, of course, England. But this is far more than a large book of international recipes. It is more exactly an encyclopedia for the student of cookery. No one, amateur or expert, should consider his cook-book library complete without "The Constance Spry Cookery Book."

It is almost ironical that the second of the really good cook books published last year was also written by two English women. **"Plats du Jour,"** by Patience Gray and Primrose Boyd (Penguin, 85¢), is entirely devoted to foreign foods, mainly French and Italian. To cook comfortably with "Plats du Jour," I agree with the authors that it would undoubtedly be helpful to have some background on this type of cookery. Nevertheless, anyone who really wants to learn to cook dishes of foreign origin should find this inexpensive book an inspiration. For one thing, Miss Gray and Miss Boyd are members in good standing of the "fuller explanation department." The amount of factual information they've packed into this charming, and charmingly illustrated, cook book amazed me. I recommend "Plats du Jour" to anyone who wants to broaden his foreign food scope.

The only cook book by a Frenchman in the year's collection, **"Real French Cooking,"** by Savarin, pseudonym for Robert J. Courtine (Doubleday, $4.50), is a downright disappointment. The jacket and title would lead one to believe that here is a good basic French cook book. But in the foreword M. Courtine calls it a "guide." For whom? How many women here or in France, for that matter, can make a soufflé successfully without measurements? His assumption that women cook by "intuitive assessment" is balderdash.

Two Spanish ladies who have done much better for their country than M. Courtine in the international recipe exchange are Marina Pereyra de Aznar and Nina Froud in **"The Home Book of Spanish Cookery"** (Barrow, $3.75). I like this book very much and although I am amazed at the amount of fat (bacon, lard, and/or oil) used in making certain meat dishes, the recipes seem to me, on the whole, interesting and authoritative.

A little book of less than 100 pages, **"The Art of Chinese Cooking"** (Tuttle, $2), was edited by the Benedictine Sisters of Peking, who learned Chinese cooking by the practical expedient of following their cook around the kitchen. Today several of these Sisters are established in Tokyo, where they teach Chinese cooking to Japanese friends. Anyone who would like to add a few Chinese dishes to their culinary achievements should find it extremely helpful. A less successful book, **"Recipes from the East,"** by Irma Walker Ross (Tuttle, $1.50), is approximately the same size as "The Art of Chinese Cooking." But the comparison ends right there. Any cook who calls stuffed cucumbers "Pregnant Cucumbers" is not above suspicion.

"Rice and Spice," by Phyllis Jervey (Tuttle, $3.50), has the format and style one usually associates with this publishing house. The recipes all sound very good and I imagine *are* very good. However, I am not 100-per-cent sure of their authenticity, based on a check of Mrs. Jervey's curry, which calls for thickening. Dharam Jit Singh, author of that authoritative book "Classic Cooking from India," says this is simply "not done." Nevertheless, Mrs. Jervey is to be congratulated on handling a single subject so merrily and so well.

Another book with a foreign background on the 1957 lists is **"The Art of Caribbean Cookery,"** by Carmen Aboy Valldejuli (Doubleday, $3.95). I think what's wrong with this book is that the West Indies have no real cuisine. With the exception of a few recipes, most are adaptations of dishes that hail from other lands.

An interesting book, **"The Best of**

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Thanks to Books

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following commentary by Stefan Zweig (1881-1942), German novelist and critic, first appeared in 1937 in a volume of occasional pieces entitled "Begegnungen mit Menschen, Büchern, Städten." It was translated for* SR *by Harry Zohn, professor of German at Brandeis University.*

THEY are there, waiting and silent. They neither urge, nor call, nor press their claims. Mutely they are ranged along the wall. They seem to be asleep and yet from each one a name looks at you like an open eye. If you direct your glances their way or move your hands over them, they do not call out to you in supplication, nor do they obtrude themselves upon you. They make no demands. They wait until you are receptive to them; only then do they open up. First, there has to be quiet about us, peace within us; then we are ready for them. Of an evening, on returning home from tiresome errands; some day at noon when one is weary of his fellow men; in the morning when one is cloudily half-awake after dream-laden sleep—only then is one ready for books. You would like to have a conversation and yet be alone. You would like to dream, but in music. With the agreeable anticipation of sweet sampling you step to the bookcase: a hundred eyes, a hundred names meet your searching glance silently and patiently, the way the slave women of a seraglio greet their master, humbly awaiting the call and yet blissful to be chosen, to be enjoyed. And then—as the finger gropes about on the piano to find the key for the inner melody, gently it nestles against the hand, this dumb white thing, this closed violin; in it all the voices of God are locked up. You open up a book, you read a line, a verse, but it does not ring clear at the moment. Disappointed, almost rudely, you put it back. Finally the right one is at hand, the book that is right for this hour—and suddenly you are gripped, your breath mingles with another's breath, as though the warm, naked body of a woman were lying next to yours. And as you carry it away to your lamp, The Book, the happily chosen one, glows with an inner light. Magic has been done; from delicate dream clouds arises phantasmagoria. Broad vistas open up and your senses fade away into space.

Somewhere a clock ticks. But it does not penetrate into this time which has escaped from itself. Here the hours are measured by another unit. There are books which have traveled through many centuries before their words came to our lips; there are new books, born only yesterday, just yesterday begotten out of the confusion and distress of a beardless boy. But they speak with magic tongues, and one like the other soothes and quickens our breathing. And as they excite, they also comfort; as they seduce, they also soothe the open mind. Gradually you sink down into them; you experience repose and contemplation, a relaxed floating in their melody in a world beyond this world.

YOU pure leisure hours, transporting us away from the tumult of the day; you books, truest and most silent companions, how can we thank you for your ever-present readiness, for this eternally uplifting, infinitely elevating influence of your presence! What have you not been in the darkest days of the soul's solitude! In military hospitals and army camps, in prisons and on beds of pain, in all places, you, the eternally wakeful, have given men dreams and a hand's breadth of tranquility amidst unrest and torment. God's gentle magnets, you have always been able to draw out the soul into its very own sphere when it was buried in everyday routine. In all periods of gloom you have always widened the expanse of our inner horizon.

Tiny fragments of eternity, mutely ranged along an unadorned wall, you stand there unpretentiously in our home. Yet when a hand frees you, when a heart touches you, you imperceptibly break through the workaday surroundings, and as in a fiery chariot your words lead us upward from narrowness into eternity.

—STEFAN ZWEIG.

The Laws

By Roger Hecht

"SINCE certainty's the mother of repose,"
An English lord and jurist said,
"Law aims at certainty." Then he addressed
Victim and murderer, exacting of his head
Its final use
Inside a coil of rope, and so be blessed
By man and before God.
The judge descended to his home, and ate a roast
And greens concealed by sauce.
The victim's mother came petitioning release:
He saw her, and refused,
Adding, in conjecture, that man's will meets his need.
The judge slept loud as ever. By the hour he arose,
The prisoner was freed.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MISPLACED AUTOLYCUS

DOES RICHARD ALDINGTON ("The Gullibility of the British," *SR* Jan. 18) think *SR* readers gullible when he tells them that Autolycus romped through the countryside of "Twelfth Night" rather than "The Winter's Tale"?

NANCY KELLEY ASHTON.
Swarthmore, Pa.

WISE RUSTICS

PLEASE ASK Aldington how many rustics were fooled and robbed by Autolycus in "Twelfth Night."

P. H. ROPP.
Hampden-Sydney, Va.

SR NOT SO SOFT

THIS IS IN the nature of a postscript to my LETTER TO THE EDITOR (*SR* Jan. 5). Having accused *The Saturday Review* of an anti-critical soft policy, here comes your January 11 number with Edmund Fuller's splendid "In Praise of the Yahoo." My accusation is neatly and thunderously answered.

OLIVER LA FARGE.
Santa Fe, N. M.

FEAR FOR AMERICA

"1958: YEAR OF CHANGE and Challenge" (*SR* Jan. 18), with its eleven authorities from business and business education, illustrates—unwittingly, perhaps—the point made by Professor Denis Brogan of Cambridge University and by Mr. Archibald MacLeish. Professor Brogan confesses that for the first time in his sympathetic thirty-year study of America, he fears that America cannot meet its current challenge. A paramount reason for this fear is the illusion which Professor Brogan finds in America: that the businessman is capable of getting the country out of any difficulty which it may have got into. Mr. MacLeish found wonderment and disenchantment among Europeans over the fact that businessmen and generals are constantly put forward as America's representative minds, while its artists and intellectuals are rarely asked to interpret the American way of life.

JOHN A. STUART.
Cedar Falls, Ia.

NEW BOWL FOR BEGGAR

I CAN UNDERSTAND why Mr. Lang won the first prize in the photo contest (*SR* Jan. 11), but I can't understand why that beggar is holding a brand-new porcelain basin. There must be a plausible explanation for the use of the one object that spoils the whole picture.

DORAS BENBOW.
Marietta, Ga.

THE CALCUTTA SYMPHONY

I WISH TO correct an oversight made by Edward R. Murrow on his TV program, "The Lady from Philadelphia," and quoted by Robert Lewis Shayon (*SR* Jan. 18): "In Bombay . . . (Miss Anderson) sang with 'the only Western symphony orchestra between Tel Aviv and Tokyo'." In the vast expanse between these two cities there is also to be found the Calcutta Symphony Orchestra, whose conductor is Bernard V. Jacob. The orchestra annually gives a series of six concerts with well-known soloists during the months of December, January, and February. Claudio Arrau and Julius Katchen were among pianists who performed with the orchestra last season.

DANIEL L. KLAYMAN.
New York, N. Y.

NO LIFE WITHOUT A BODY

I TAKE ISSUE with one of the forecasts of "The Next 10,000 Years" (*SR* Jan. 25), namely: "The apotheosis of *homo sapiens* may come in 1,000,000 years or so when man liberates his soul from his body—" It cannot be denied that it is the nature of man—nay, of all living things—to be composed of the material and the immaterial, even if the immaterial is but that which differentiates living from non-living. The destruction of such a composition results in the destruction of the being itself. It is odd that such a learned person as Dr. Rush should overlook this.

LEON J. RADZIEWSKI, JR.
Worcester, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is only fair to note that the forecast Mr. Radziewski refers to was made, not in Dr. Rush's article, but in an undercaption for one of the drawings.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

". . . and this is final, Herr Bach. Either you stop this silly composing and spend more time rehearsing the choir boys, or we get a new organist."

Certainly, at the present time, to kill the body of an animal is to kill its personality. The drawing was trying to imagine a condition of being in which personality holds itself together by immaterial forces of some kind, without the intermediation of a body.

UNUSED AGENCIES

IN N. C.'s EDITORIAL "Notice Is Served" (*SR* Jan. 18): "The state must serve the natural rights of man and not expunge them, and if existing agencies do not serve those natural rights new agencies should be created." The "new agencies" needed are the old agencies which have not been used—the subtle, sensitive, aspiring perceptions which enabled man to survive the torturous trek from the primeval swamps. A town-meeting of mankind is what we need.

BEN EVERINGHIM.
Baltimore, Md.

SECURITY FIRST

N. C. states, "If we think in terms of military security alone we will lose our security. If we think in terms of national sovereignty alone, we will destroy our sovereignty." I submit that if we do not place military security and national sovereignty first in our thinking we are even more apt to lose them. Obviously, we must consider the effect of our foreign policy on other nations. But first things first, and the security and sovereignty of the United States must come first.

STEPHEN C. CALLAHAN.
Victorville, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Do Books Make the Best Theatre?

BOSTON.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S **"Winesburg, Ohio"** is the latest outcropping of the book-into-play epidemic that has struck Broadway. Not that there is anything new about adaptations for the theatre, but 1957-1958 will see some fifteen of these compared to a normal incidence of about five per New York season. This unusual state of affairs cannot really be explained by the assumption that producers think adaptations from books are fashionable. A talk with "Winesburg, Ohio"'s adaptor, Christopher Sergel, brings out a more probable explanation. Namely, that there is a rapidly-growing vacuum of original plays good enough to meet the increasingly high standards demanded by drama critics and by audiences paying sky high prices for tickets.

The approach of this condition has been apparent to Mr. Sergel ever since the end of World War II. At that time the young playwright's father's company, which specializes in publishing plays for amateurs, began to turn more and more to adaptations. "We did a study of the original manuscripts being sent us," he explains, "and found that for every one good enough to rate further consideration, we were receiving eighty-two that we rejected immediately."

While this prompted Mr. Sergel and other writers for the lucrative amateur market to turn more and more to books, "Winesburg, Ohio" represents a rather special case. Both Mr. Sergel and his father were close friends of Sherwood Anderson during his lifetime, and they had many discussions about the possibility of "Winesburg" being made into a play. "Sherwood went as far as to say that he thought the play should be about the struggle between the mother and the father for the soul of the boy," says the thirty-nine-year-old playwright.

And fundamentally this is what Mr. Sergel has tried to write. It has been very difficult, because although he has written some forty published plays since he was fourteen years old, Mr. Sergel claims that he works slowly. (His first one-act play, "Who Gets the Car Tonight?" has been played 120,000 times.) Not only did he do a thorough research job by rereading all of Anderson and visiting Clyde, Ohio, where Anderson grew up, but he felt an obligation to live up to Sherwood Anderson's own standards. Some of the things that he feels Anderson would want came from precepts passed on to him by the author. These include: "Don't fool around with words" and "Try to give as little time as possible to self-pity."

The play also runs into problems that are general to most book-into-play transformations. One of the simplest ways to avoid distorting an author's style is to use a narrator or character who speaks directly to the audience. But Mr. Sergel regards the device as a crutch; he has tried to make the action stand entirely on its own feet.

Another trouble spot is that "Winesburg, Ohio" has, even more than most books, a lot of diverse characters who are not directly related to each other. In a play the writer can subordinate these characters, the way Ketti Frings has in "Look Homeward, Angel," so that they are scenery against which the major roles emerge strong and clear. But in "Winesburg, Ohio" these minor roles are of equal importance to the major ones, and Mr. Sergel is searching for a way to eliminate dissipation of focus without eliminating characters.

Literary speeches in the middle of dramatic situations always sound a trifle phony, but with Anderson, who used simple language and never let words interfere with the art of storytelling, the playwright's job has been reduced to cutting and finding the appropriate character and situation for the literary gem.

Finally, in books like "Winesburg, Ohio," where the central figure is the author himself, there is the ticklish task of making a writer seem an extraordinary person. Other characters in the play can say he is unusual, there can be scenes showing the young genius writing furiously, or he can casually speak a few lines from one of the books he is eventually to write. But the fact of the matter is that the audience's awareness that our hero in life turned out to be a celebrated literary light probably does most to establish his validity. This is necessary, because the plot of almost all these autobiographical books is that of the sensitive writer freeing himself from the inhibiting ties of small town and family. The irony in this motif is that the most vital and interesting characters usually turn out to be not our worldly author, but his mother,

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father, brother, and sister—who in life never amounted to very much.

Do these plaguing difficulties mean that plays taken from books will always have a worked-over quality that will make them feebler theatre than a first-rate original play? Not at all. Shakespeare is a time-tested proof of that. But, you may contend, only when the adapting playwright is a greater artist than the writer of the book do we have an exception to the rule? Yet we know that an objective craftsman can sometimes supply what a relatively undisciplined novelist could not. While the drama critic puts a premium on freshness, originality, and theatre born under a work-light, these qualities can be blended with already existing books as well as with already existing ideas and already existing experiences. As long as the adaptor sees to it that whatever happens onstage is effective and pertinent to the total canvas he and an audience unfamiliar with his source can envision, so long will the adaptor find that books can make first-rate theatre.

AT THE non-bookish end of the dramatic spectrum is the theatre of the French mime, **Marcel Marceau.** Although one of his famous sequences borrows from the story of David and Goliath, most of M. Marceau's work is based on observations from daily life. His current three-week engagement features reprises of his most popular creations plus such amusing new sketches as "Bip in the Subway" and "Bip Commits Suicide." He is beautifully assisted by Pierre Verry and Gilles Segal. The latter impressively performs a few numbers of his own. The whole program, which stakes everything on stimulating the audience's imagination, is a refreshing reminder of how simple good theatre can be.

SIMILARLY uncomplicated, though less artistically disciplined, is the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of **"As You Like It."** Here director Stuart Vaughan continues his vigorously plain approach to Shakespeare, with a special emphasis on farcical invention. Thriving most are George C. Scott, who as Jaques keeps the Seven Ages of Man speech alive, comic, and suspenseful; Jack Cannon, a cocksure Touchstone; Dana Elcar, a wrestler who will remind you of the bouts you have seen on TV; and Jerry Stiller as William, who goes through a lot of thinking to arrive at the character's various imbecilities. Nancy Wickwire's Rosalind is also played for good-natured comedy. It's a merry romp, in which delicacy and charm are sacrificed to plainspeaking and mirth.

"Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," so highly acclaimed in Australia and London, received a less enthusiastic reception from most of the New York daily reviewers. Possibly the fact that this fine play is overstated and overacted is what makes some Broadway-conditioned playgoers react negatively. These drawbacks—rather to be expected from a vital but as yet artistically insecure new continent—are indeed formidable. But they are more than cancelled out by the play's enormous virtue of presenting a sharp-focused picture of lower-class life. While the play is highly entertaining, its author and leading actor, Ray Lawler, never takes it easy on the underlying truths of his story.

It begins with two barmaids, one of whom is trying to convince the other that a seasonal love affair with the same bachelor is better than marriage. Olive regards her man as an "eagle," not as one of those beaten-down husbands who rolls home to a wife every night. The other barmaid, Pearl, who does not have to rationalize sixteen years of behavior, sees the situation more realistically. The house of kewpie-dolls is about to collapse from its own weight.

The rest of the play is devoted to the participants' efforts to prolong their illusions past the point where experience can support them. While all have the truth brought home to them, Mr. Lawler does not let this result in reform. Olive still refuses to be satisfied with humdrum marriage in place of glorified romance. And the two boy friends go off to continue as best they can their losing battle against age and reduced circumstances. Illusions that in youth had some basis must be practised more vigorously than ever, now that they have no basis.

As staged by John Sumner, the acting makes no attempt at subtlety. It strives for and achieves an impression of force and forthrightness. Most memorable is the performance of Ethel Gabriel, as Olive's tough little mother in slippers and hairnet. The scene in which she tries to get them all to sing "Goldmine in the Sky" but gives up in snobbish contempt for people who cannot sing on key is hilarious at the same time it makes the point that we all need something in life to feel superior about. Similarly, the rest of the cast play their unrefined roles without a hint of caricature. "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" is welcome here both as an exhibition of Australian theatre and as a universal and human story told without sugarcoating. —HENRY HEWES.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Routes for Russians

IN OUR notice of January 18 we made mention of the Soviet Union's overtures to its American travel representatives about tourist trips for Soviet citizens who might be allowed to come to the United States. At the same time, we invited readers to take their turn at being travel agent and to design, without thought to existing U.S. restrictions, a twelve-day excursion which would best display America and its way of life to a Soviet tourist.

Well, we find ourself in receipt of a number of responses both thoughtful and flip, not excluding one from somebody named "E.A." who asked, "Are you baiting your public *à la* Arthur Godfrey? If not please refrain from using expressions such as 'Got that straight, Ivan?' You know there are some Ivans in this country, too, and we just might get offended. . . ." Well, we can't imagine how you spell Ivan, E. A., and we would like to say, while apologizing for the unintended slight, that we have made it a strict practice from early boyhood never to do anything *à la* Godfrey.

From Philadelphia, John Maass suggested visiting Russians might be routed to: "Moscow, Idaho; Odessa, Delaware; St. Petersburg, Florida; Russian River, California; Russian Hill, San Francisco; Red River, Arkansas; Red Hook, New York; Red Bank, New Jersey; and Redlands, California." What happened to that home town of the filibusterers, Red Gum, Iowa? Jane Van Derlip of South Glastonbury, Connecticut, suggests, "The best way to display America and its way of life to a Russian with twelve days' travel time and limited funds is to follow the 'Experiment in International Living' method. Let your Russian live in an American home as *one of the family* (the underscoring belongs to Glastonbury) and arrange short visits to local industries, farms, and places of government. We'll volunteer to open our home to a Russian visitor (if he can stand five children)."

Mrs. Van Derlip's generous offer would certainly give Russians more than any American can get in Russia. It is a rare Western traveler to the Soviet Union who can wangle an invitation to a Russian home. Indeed, Western travelers are contained within specially designated hotels. Any other offers, presuming Soviet citizens would be permitted by their group leaders to be peeled off and put up in a spare American room?

To get down to some serious itineraries, Chester Barker of Stanford University's Department of Speech and Drama figures twelve U.S. days as follows: First day, New York City, viewed especially from a skyscraper, a visit to a typical musical comedy and if summer, a trip around Manhattan. Second day, fly to Niagara Falls and Ford factory and museum; third day Yellowstone National Park and then fly to San Francisco; spend fifth and sixth days in S. F. Bay area and see the bridges, Muir Woods, Stanford University (special interest for Russians in Hoover Library); lunch at Fisherman's Wharf, view from Top of the Mark, include supermarket! Seventh to eleventh days, fly to Yosemite, Grand Canyon, New Orleans, Williamsburg, then to New York; and on the twelfth day, home.

On the other hand, Mrs. Nathaniel Hurwitz of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, having just returned from twenty-two days in the Soviet Union, feels that the "where" is not so important as showing our way of life. "For example," says the lady, "to show suburbia and exurbia living, where the emphasis is on the home (far from it in the USSR); farm areas where perhaps one could visit a few homes, not necessarily the most pretentious; supermarkets and department stores need hardly be mentioned. A few university campuses such as Princeton and Harvard would be impressive for contrast with the much-touted Moscow University. No matter how good the tour, one always misses contact with 'the people' of the country visited. Perhaps interested citizens might give hospitality to our Russian visitors. I for one would be glad to do so."

THE Hurwitz tour: First day, New York City, leaving late afternoon second day by highways to Westchester, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Fourth day in Boston; fifth day, drive to Gloucester and Portland and other beaches, then south on sixth day to Pittsfield and Tanglewood. Seventh day, drive south through Catskills, along Hudson River to New York. Eighth day in New York, ninth in Philadelphia, tenth in Washington, eleventh in New York, twelfth depart.

For thought, for expression, for an essence of America in thirteen paragraphs, we award the Silver Borscht Bowl and a two-year subscription to *SR* to Mrs. Raymond P. Nelson of Ashland, Nebraska, for this response which we are pleased to reprint in full:

"I accept with pleasure your invitation to route Russian travelers through the United States. For long I have wanted to lift my small voice in protest to the State Department against restricting a Russian traveler at all. Because the Russians restrict American travelers in their country, it does not follow that we should allow them to dictate our conduct.

"I *should*, then, let the Russians go anywhere in our country that we, the people, are allowed. The average Russian traveler cannot absorb more than the average American traveler, since one pair of eyes and one pair of ears are allotted each. Let them see and hear; but by all means, let them see.

"The Russian traveler would, of course, see the New York skyline upon his arrival. He should visit the Statue of Liberty and read the inscription thereon. He should see one performance of the Rockettes. He should visit a large and completely modern hospital. He should get a glimpse of New York from the top of the Empire State Building.

"He should fly to Washington, D.C., and stop at the Lincoln Memorial, walk past the White House, tour the Capitol, and be introduced to the mazes of the Pentagon. He should go on to Mt. Vernon and see what we think of our former Presidents.

"He should visit the International Peace Light at Gettysburg; and then ride the turnpikes to Chicago in a good used car—preferably a Chrysler of 1949 vintage such as the one we "put out" the grand sum of $350 for a couple of years ago. (Purrs like a kitten.) The turnpikes, without stop lights or intersections, would take him through a section of agricultural industry and natural beauty fast enough to keep him busy looking. In Chicago, let him shop at Marshall Field's. Let him visit the Chicago Temple and the stockyards. Let him drive along the Gold Coast. Were the International Livestock Show in progress, let him see that.

"Our traveler must attend a big league baseball game, perhaps watch our Cardinals at Busch Stadium in St. Louis. Then on to Omaha he must go, for a call at Boys' Town. He should stop in Lincoln to see the State Capitol inside and out, with time out between these two cities for a Nebraska steak broiled in my own oven. He should visit Love Library or one

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equally as large. He should fly across northwest Nebraska over the Sand Hills region to see herds of beef on the hoof.

"Time permitting, he should stay long enough in Yellowstone Park to see its more spectacular offerings. He should stand among the Redwoods in California. He must go to the Top of the Mark in San Francisco; see both Bay bridges; and visit Golden Gate Park.

"If it could be arranged, he should eat a meal with the lumbermen in a lumber camp in the Pacific Northwest and fish for salmon at the mouth of Juan de Fuca Strait. He might land a king salmon.

"For pure scenic splendor, he might take the Coastal Drive down to Los Angeles, but the road is narrow and the way is long. He must see Los Angeles from the air, however, both at night and in the light of a clear day. He must be escorted through Paramount Studios or one as extensive; be present to watch Jack Benny's Sunday night show when Jack is broadcasting; meet a couple of the older M.C.'s such as Groucho Marx or Walter O'Keefe. Visit the Farmers' Market. Disneyland? No! He would be addle-headed.

"His return swing across the nation should include a breather at Hoover Dam; a look into Grand Canyon to reckon his own stature in the world. He could visit the Great Salt Lake and the endless salt flats surrounding it. He should have a couple of whiffs of the air in Arizona and New Mexico, if only briefly when the plane stops.

"He must see a ranch in Texas; a field of oil-wells; eat in New Orleans; note the moss-hung trees of the old Southland; and go on to Florida for deep-sea fishing and a gander at their hotels. For sheer novelty, he might sail back to New York on a banana boat, touching at ports along the way thus viewing the docks and the dockworkers.

"This is a quick trip. If he had more time, he could go through the Big Smokies, see the Ozarks in summer and the Minnesota woods in the autumn; and our Niagara Falls. He might visit Boston, Richmond, and Philadelphia, where our history began. He might have one look at Detroit and an automobile assembly line; one ride in an Edsel.

"His head would probably be swimming without having attended a football game or a race-track; but he would have a picture of a way of life and a few natural and man-made wonders to fill his soul for the rest of its natural time.

"This is sort of long. I am sorry." I'm not. —Horace Sutton.

TV AND RADIO

Notes from a Wheel-Chair

IT IS an established fact that people like me who fracture their ankles (on New Year's Eve it happened) see more television than anyone else. Some of the things they see are unusual.

• • A few weeks ago the formula of Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" was, as always, pulverizing some people into nonentities when the incredible happened. Urged—more exactly chuckled—into activity by Mr. Murrow, a man helped his wife into a fur coat and she went out to the terrace of their penthouse and began pointing out the sights. A droning noise was heard—I thought, at first, I was snoring. Then the woman said, "That's a plane up there" and Mr. Murrow replied, "I can hear it."

Now, it isn't sensible to suppose that the program arranged for the plane to be overhead at that moment, so we arrive at these conclusions:

1. That people on "Person to Person" *are* capable of independent observation and unplanned remarks.

2. That Mr. Murrow knows this.

Adding 1 and 2 together we come to

3. The reduction of individuals to nobodies on "Person to Person" is not inevitable. It is intentional, calculated, and indicates a low and contemptuous estimate of human values.

The Edward R. Murrow mentioned above is not to be confused with the man of the same name who is co-producer and star of "See It Now." One of them is an impostor.

• • Year after year "Omnibus" gets an award for being the best educational program on the air, and once at least Alistair Cooke expressed as much surprise as gratitude in his acceptance. I would say that it is an entertainment program using cultural materials and would say that, as it gives information and plays with ideas, it does educate. I would say this with greater assurance and happiness if "Omnibus" hadn't produced a whatnot publicized as a lighthearted report on suburbia which was wrong-headed in conception and disastrous in execution. Except for some archly presented introductions, nothing in the program was germane to the announced subject; and except for Bert Lahr's familiar, but immortal, answer to "What Do We Chop, When We Chop a Tree?" nothing was first class.

Like Mr. Murrow, the producers of "Omnibus" stand for intelligence and responsibility—responsibility toward the medium in which they work. Others have the God-given right to be second-rate. Not they.

• • A third responsible producing group is The Theatre Guild, which creates the U.S. Steel Program. I know nothing of the arrangements between the Guild and the actual sponsor of the show, but external evidence indicates that the kind of independence Murrow had when Alcoa sponsored "See It Now" is not given to the Guild. The programs have varied from good to indifferent. It is a pleasure to report on one that was excellent: "The Bromley Touch." It takes courage to tackle any *New Yorker* story by Edward Newhouse, and this one was peculiarly prickly. It was concerned with the cult of success and the milieu chosen was the dead center of the cult: the publicity racket.

• • In the same week "Playhouse 90" used another *New Yorker* story, Irwin Shaw's "The Eighty-Yard Run," which in a way reversed the theme. Here we had the adolescent hero who lived on his fame and then on his wife and was finally driven to live off himself, to do what he really wanted to do: be a football coach at his college. The whole thing was astonishingly consistent: nothing in it seemed true. I would say that for the wife of the perpetual boy-hero a love affair was a psychological necessity, but it was turned into nothing more than a dramatic device. I didn't believe a word of it, or in the reconciliation either. (I understand that the play did not faithfully follow the original story. I assume, then, that Mr. Shaw surrendered all his rights to the producers. He is in good company: Somerset Maugham and Ernest Hemingway do it, too.)

• • Some time ago I predicted that Hans Christian Andersen or the Brothers Grimm would win the Peabody Award for the best original stories of the year. If there was anything snooty in that idea, the utterly ravishing appearance of Claire Bloom in "Beauty and the Beast" makes me apologize for it and to put in nomination for special distinction the name of Joseph Schrank, who made the loving adaptation of the story.

—Gilbert Seldes.

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The Mystery of Courage

"They Came to Cordura," by Glendon Swarthout *(Random House. 213 pp. $3.50), is basically about valor, in this instance as manifested by six cavalrymen stationed in Mexico at the time of Pancho Villa.*

By Benjamin Appel

THIS novel is above all sheer storytelling. In the bloody Mexico of 1916, a time of revolution and civil war, with General Pershing and some 10,000 American cavalrymen pursuing the phantom Pancho Villa, six American cavalrymen and one American woman leave a place called Ojos Azules, after action there, for the American base at Cordura. And a dangerous trip it is, with enough excitement to compete with the books and movies of the Excitement Pros.

But Glendon Swarthout is a real writer, and his story is much more than a what-happens-next epic. He asks and seeks to answer the question: What is courage? The central human situation he has invented is both intriguing and ironic. Five of the six cavalrymen are military heroes. They have been cited for the Congressional Medal of Honor and ordered to Cordura, where for a while they will rest from combat. The sixth American, Major Thorn, their leader, is the awards officer of the Pershing expedition; his is the responsibility of safely bringing his convoy of heroes to Cordura. Unlike the others, Major Thorn has broken badly when under enemy fire. His superiors, motivated partly by sentiment (Thorn's father had been a West Pointer), partly by irony, have removed him as executive officer and appointed him awards officer. Thus, a military coward is in the post of hero-finder and hero-maker, for Thorn will write the citations for the five.

The stage is set, and it will be a terrible stage. What will come will be a retesting of men already tested by war. The heroes include young gawky Hetherington, the son of a Bible-belt preacher who can recite the Old Testament by heart; nineteen-year-old Renziehausen, who "for beard had freckles"; the giant Chawk, as raw and harsh as the northern Mexican country with its rock and thorny *nopal*; the runty latrine-lawyer Trubee; and Second Lieutenant Fowler, an opportunist fresh out of West Point. They are a mixed lot, seemingly incapable of heroism beyond the call of duty. Major Thorn, oppressed by his own guilt, sees the faults of his five heroes only too clearly. And yet, as he accuses himself, these immature and flawed men were capable of noble deeds.

Mexican bandits trap the party in a box canyon. They escape but at the price of their horses. Their food rations are meager, their water low in a waterless land. It turns out that two of them know Thorn's secret. Trubee bawls out the "yellaguts" and they all blame him for the loss of the precious horses. Hetherington becomes sick with typhoid but only Thorn refuses to abandon him; he forces the reluctant heroes to make a litter in which they carry a man who may be dying. Then their food and water give out. (The novelist tells of these ancient perils as if he has discovered them, on his own skin, for the first time.)

And all the time Major Thorn seeks to find out why these bitter, selfish, and hating men have risked their lives to become heroes. Why, why, when Chawk tells him in explanation: "Majer, I hate greasers . . . ," and Trubee offers to swap his Medal of Honor for a transfer to some non-combat unit, and Fowler declares that he doesn't want the Medal because junior officers should make themselves as inconspicuous as possible if they want careers in the Army.

I have deliberately omitted mention of the one woman in the party until now. She is as unlovely as the heroes: an American who is being brought to Cordura on charges of aiding the enemy, a tough, mean bitch by name of Geary. For almost half the book we accept her and believe in her, and then gradually she becomes that stock figure of melodrama, The One Woman on the Island, sister under the skin to the famous sleeping-bag lady of Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." In fact, when Mr. Swarthout is bad, he's as bad as bad Hemingway, and when he's good, he's as good as good Hemingway.

It is a pleasure to report that he winds up the book at the top of his form, with a wonderful last paragraph that recaptures the heart of his story and makes us forget the lapses. We close the novel feeling that we have been given a sharp insight into the mystery of courage.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"LADIES OF A CERTAIN AGE"

Writers are sometimes chivalrous, sometimes not, concerning Father Time's treatment of Daughter Eve. Blanche McKeown of Memphis, Tennessee, offers some pertinent quotations and asks you to identify their originators. Answers on page 37.

1. Most women are not so young as they are painted.
2. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
   Her infinite variety.
3. To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
   I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do.
4. No spring nor summer hath such grace
   As I have seen in one autumnal face.
5. No woman should ever be quite accurate about her age. It looks so calculating.
6. Laura was blooming still, had made the best
   Of time, and time returned the compliment.
7. She's six-and-forty, and I wish nothing worse to happen to any woman.
8. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty if she be a day.
9. She was as immutable as the hills. But not quite so green.
10. She said she was forty-two and five months. It may have been pleasing to the angels, but her elder sister was not gratified.

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Destination: Furnace

"Breaking Point," by Jacob Presser *(translated by Barrows Mussey. World. 92 pp. $2.50), is a short novel about Dutch Jews awaiting their death at the infamous Westbork Nazi concentration camp.*

By Nathan Rothman

WHAT there is to say about this small and remarkable book must refer to its quality as an art work as much as to its story. It is described upon the dust cover as "a factual novel," but it is certainly less than that and more, and very different. A factual novel about the German oppression of the Jews of Holland should have the scope and structure of John Hersey's "The Wall" to encompass its material. Professor Presser himself is engaged in preparing for publication an extensive study of the Dutch Jews during the German occupation, and this will undoubtedly provide a factual account in full perspective. What, then, has Dr. Presser done here, within ninety-two pages?

It is in fact a heroic distillation of experience, with all the charged compression, the singular impact, of a poem or a painting. It will not bear further elucidation any better than those art forms can. Not that Dr. Presser's words, or their translation, are great literature. But they are last words, irreducible, the essence of the essence of awful truth grappled with in the darkness of the valley of death. *Thus it was,* the narrator cries out as he writes in haste, because he at last is to board the train to Auschwitz in the morning, *I have seen it.* What he has seen, and done, are unbearable things. And their statement here, in the harsh, compulsive, tearless, emasculate, yes, giggling tone of a man driven beyond his capacity to remain sane—is a final definition of the horror at the Westbork Camp.

The physical horrors we know already: the reduction of the prisoners to a state of animal refuse, the weekly dispatch of the railroad cars, vertically stacked with human cargo, to Auschwitz. They are revealed in such swift and intense flashes of unearthly light as to suggest again another medium: a set of agonized sketches from the hand of a man who has lived in a charnel house. Yet there was a greater horror: that the Jews were forced to become the instrumentality of their own destruction; that they had to organize their weekly quotas for deportation, to hunt down their recruits for Auschwitz and thrust them into the cars. Only the man's own words will do for the description of this final horror, the rushing, babbling stream of dreadful consciousness escaping like a gas from this spiritually eviscerated tool of the Nazis, the Jews on the Disposition Squad.

There was one good man in this Sodom. One was not enough to save them (the Bible demanded ten) but he could release our tortured narrator into death. For the sake of the little rabbi, whose Bible had been kicked into the mud, he rushed at the tormentors and knelt to return the book.

All is over in a flash; everything is known and suffered between streaks of lightning, and we are left to conjecture upon this breaking point. Why, when this man could thrust children, women, old men, the mad and the infirm, into the death cars, did he balk at last to see the little rabbi bloodied at the mouth? This is the signature of revelation, marked boldly at the corner of the canvas, personal and unarguable. The whole work is apocalyptic, and all but intolerably affecting. It must stand as a small masterpiece.

IN THE BANTU SLUMS: The casual reader, riffling through the pages of Ronald Byron's **"Hamilton Avenue"** (Macmillan, $3.75), may pause at the battle map on page 203, his eye caught by the puzzling caption: "The Russians' Attack on the Bantu Guard." The adjacent text may sharpen his wonderment as he reads phrases like "full-scale assaults," "flanking attacks," "hand-to-hand fighting." What kind of book is this anyway? Isn't it supposed to be a novel of South Africa?

It is indeed a novel, and a first novel that hews closely to the truth. Its author, a Johannesburg physician, has set his story in Newclare, one of that city's teeming Bantu slums which every so often explodes into the headlines. As a cub reporter it was often my duty to visit Newclare, and I never ceased to marvel that human dignity could survive in such cloacal misery. These slums, or locations, are spawning grounds of crime and depravity, where generations of young Bantu are growing up who know nothing of their tribal traditions and care less about their ancestral disciplines.

Newclare is, in fact, Johannesburg's sprawling equivalent of New York's Harlem, the lower half of a proud city which the upper half never sees. This novel gives us a bird's-eye view of the place as a whole and then focuses on a typical shopkeeper, Moses Meno, and his family. Dr. Byron uses a direct, expository style without poetry or subtlety, but his ear is keen and his eye observant. Moses, his jealous wife, his daughter caught up in the tumults of adolescent love, and above all his son, Andrew, exploring the temptations of crime, are drawn with hair-fine accuracy. There are frightening glimpses of the zoot-suited *tsotsis* (youth gangs), but the most recognizable character in the book is the murdered man, Wilson Kepa, a ramrod straight Zulu, trusted and upright, whose like was once found in every South African city. They are fast disappearing now as the older generation gives place to the new.

Parallel with his portrait of the Meno family, Dr. Byron develops the race riot which erupts between the "Russians" and the "Bantu Guard." The clash between them, with "generals" deploying hundreds of men at strategic vantage points, may strike American readers as far-fetched. In fact, such clashes occur regularly, sometimes among the Bantu themselves (as in the book), sometimes against other race groups. Alan Paton was almost engulfed in such a collision between Zulus and Indians in Durban a few years ago. Moreover any Johannesburg reporter will tell you he has many times seen the casualty ward scenes the author describes—the patching and sewing and plastering that are the sequel to every riot.

I wish I could report that the manner of this novel matched its matter. Dr. Byron is armed with the knowledge but without the passion. Occasionally the sheer power of his story sweeps him into genuine eloquence, as in the prison scene when Moses and his family bid farewell to the son, Andrew, before his execution. Here our author approaches the tragic tone struck by Paton in his similar scene in "Cry, the Beloved Country." But mostly the narrative has the sober objectivity of a documentary.

Violence is never far beneath the surface in South Africa. In this novel its presence is always sensed and sometimes actual. That is the way it really is. —JOHN BARKHAM.

SOOTHING SOJOURN: Gunner, the principal character in David Hughes's **"Man Off Beat"** (Reynal, $3), is in the

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tiny Welsh village of Wender for a rest cure after a nervous breakdown. A reader, particularly an American reader, may feel that this quiet first novel is a rest cure for him—a relief from the stridency, urgency, and violence of much current writing.

There is very little of conclusiveness or assertion in the book. Gunner, a former advertising man, eventually is (probably) cured; he falls (somewhat) in love and is (reasonably) prepared to acknowledge it; he has (partly) come to understand what drove him to his breakdown and ruined his two marriages. Like Gunner, the reader may wait impatiently for things to start happening; but he should soon be soothed by the book's muted charm and leisurely pace. Gunner's wry but hopeful affair with a widowed hotelkeeper, his encounters with an ecstatic curate—even his dreamlike desecration of a church—carry the story along without ever becoming obtrusively dramatic.

While Mr. Hughes works, so to speak, in shades of gray, a reviewer need not be at all tentative in saying that, within the bounds he has set for himself, he has done commendably well. He conveys admirably a feeling of scene and personality; he has a keen eye for motivation and detail. His untroubled study of a troubled man does not go very deep; but what he chooses to observe he conveys pleasurably and convincingly. More ambitious novelists would have made more of the character and situation, but it is not likely that they would have done as finished a job. —D. R. BENSEN.

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Lincolniana

Continued from page 15

moded all the wooden fleets of the world.

Then, in drastic counter, *Monitor* outmoded all the slow, slab-sided ironclad rams of the *Merrimac* type. They called her "Ericsson's Folly." Conventional admirals looked upon her with horror. An officer on the Navy's emergency "Ironclad Board" rejected Ericsson's model with ridicule that could have cost the nation the services of the world's foremost nautical inventor. But genius recognized genius. Lincoln saw the little model and said, "Build!" At Hampton Roads in the crucial nick, *Monitor* saved the Navy's day—perhaps the nation's day.

So in this and diverse other ways it was Mr. Lincoln's Navy. And no writer is better qualified to tell the story than Richard S. West, Jr., who will be remembered for his lively and definitive biographies of Gideon Wells and Admiral David Dixon Porter. An Annapolis professor, West has the happy faculty of writing as though he were not on a faculty. Which means his style is highly readable (hence enjoyable) and he does not indulge in the evasions so common to institutional historians who slant their pens to suit present public relations rather than to report the past.

Deftly and interestingly, West's volume covers the Civil War Navy from scrub squadron available in 1861 to the mighty armada flying the Stars and Stripes at war's end. The Union's three major naval efforts—blockade, Mississippi drive, commerce protection—are recounted in detail. As are the component ocean and coastal battles, the amphibious harbor invasions, the river engagements that wrought victory through sea power.

By discussing the strategic objectives behind the Navy's Civil War campaigns (for example, the Red River drive with long-range aim to influence Maximilian in Mexico) and by reporting some of the Headquarters squabbling and front-line flubbing (errors as well as successes), West gives this naval history a depth not found in the conventionalized texts.

Two picky criticisms: (1) The charts struck this eye as too sketchy. Insufficient for the uninformed reader, and also for the geography-wise who might wish graphic detail concerning naval maneuvers. (2) A single paragraph seems to understate the exploits of the Rebel submariners.

Personal to Mr. West: In reviewing a book of mine (*SR* June 9, 1956) you criticized my naming Porter's famous dummy a "fake ironclad," and wrote: "[It] was a dummy monitor rather than a casemated vessel." But in your Porter biography (p. 216) you describe this dummy as having "paddle boxes and casemates." *Touché?*

Civil War buffs and Navy fans will like "Mr. Lincoln's Navy." Solid history.

ABE IN CONGRESS: That Abraham Lincoln, before he became President, could on occasion place politics above principle is a fact well known to historians, though large segments of the American public, including TV writers, seem not to be aware of it. Donald W. Riddle in **"Congressman Abraham Lincoln"** (University of Illinois Press, $4.50) takes the view that when Lincoln in 1847 offered House resolutions attacking President Polk's Mexican War policy he was not sincerely protesting against the war, but was trying to gain political advantage for his Whig party. The effort backfired. This and other antiwar maneuvers of Congressman Lincoln resulted in heavy political losses for the Whigs in Lincoln's home state, Illinois, in the election of 1848. This volume, the first full scholarly inquiry into a relatively unstudied portion of Lincoln's career, follows him through his Congressional term in careful detail. It is not, and plainly was not intended to be, exciting reading, but it does offer a down-to-earth picture of America's favorite hero not as he appears today after apotheosis but as he seemed to his contemporaries while he was playing Whig politics. —HAL BRIDGES.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 763

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 763 will be found in the next issue.

YHKPJHSPZT PZ IAB

BOL KLZWLYHBPVU

VM SVNPJ.

—SHTHYBPUL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 762

The sea is flowing ever; the land retains it never.
—GOETHE.

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A Doctrine

Continued from page 17

enemy while we are being erased in turn. But it is possible to see the effect of atomic weapons as being the very opposite—a departure from the fixed positions, the emphasis on transportation and production, which provided the military justification for World War II's mass-bombing of population centers.

Thus a war conceived of as being fought for limited objectives—changing the mind of the enemy rather than annihilating him—may find forces widely dispersed, so as to avoid the effect of nuclear bombardment; at the same time these dispersed forces gain from the new weaponry a power which makes the traditional concentration unnecessary. With mobile, self-contained forces, acting rather in the pattern of naval than of land warfare, cities cease to be prime targets. The sinews of war are in being, rather than in process of being produced and transported; and the opposing nations, though maneuvering dangerously and destructively, find it to their mutual interest to avoid the strategy of extirpation.

The concept of a limited war fought with atomic weapons is one of the highly controversial themes in Dr. Kissinger's book. To fight a limited war it may be necessary to accept as the result not only stalemate (which proved hard enough in Korea) but to accept a limited defeat. Will a nation—*can* a democratic nation—resign itself to such consequences while a greater force still remains to be loosed? Dr. Kissinger gives his reason for believing in an affirmative answer. Whether one agrees or not, it will not be tenable hereafter for those who think about war (and, let us hope, for those in responsible positions who must make plans for wars) to overlook the various possibilities and alternatives that open before them.

Reading over this book again after some months, having in mind the discussions that have taken place since and the newly developed emphasis on missiles, I am impressed more than ever by its importance. Here is the great subject of war and peace set forth in the round, with its interrelated factors kept steadily in perspective, with its feasible choices patiently and imaginatively explored. Apart from the great service it has undoubtedly rendered at the official level, the book has served the vital purpose of restoring to laymen the possibility of thinking meaningfully about the things upon which life and civilization depend. The development of

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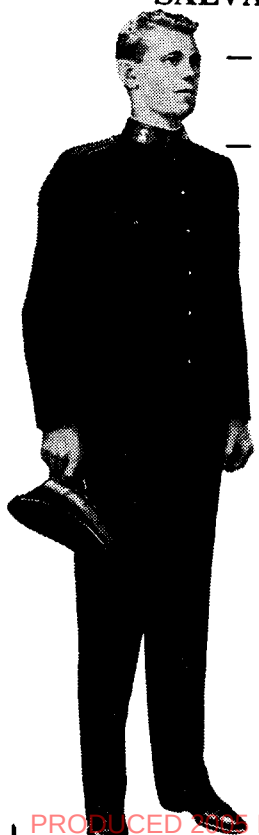

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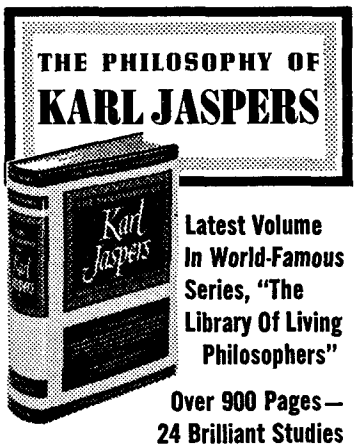
sound doctrine in war and foreign policy may require the highest intellectual effort—as unremitting an effort as the pursuit of advanced science; but at least in this field we have no excuse of secrecy or of ineradicable ignorance. The citizen has been invited once more to deal with the first and last things that concern him; how he rises to the opportunity will determine his country's fate.



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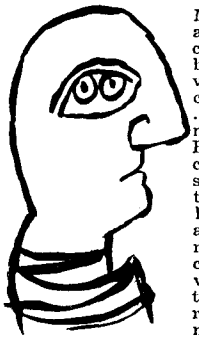

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Literary Titans

Continued from page 22

dulge in long-range historical psychoanalysis. He permitted Gogol the writer to dissect Gogol the man. Moreover, this biography sheds interesting light on that mushrooming period of Russian history and literature in which Gogol wrote and lived. Gogol's relations with such figures as Pogodin, Aksakov, Zhukovsky, and, of course, Pushkin, are exciting reading—no more exciting than Gogol's unusual attitudes toward women and sex, particularly, his love affair with a prostitute soon after his arrival in Petersburg as a green-behind-the-ears *Gymnazia* graduate and his subsequent homosexual feelings for his childhood friend Danilevsky.

The author's analyses of Gogol's flirtations with insanity (Gogol suffered at least two nervous breakdowns after unfavorable reactions to his works) are excellent. And the section devoted to Gogol's late attachment to religious mysticism is superb biography. Some writers have blamed this extreme swing to the political and religious right in 1842 on his suspicious, aristocratic friends, but Mr. Magarshack happily points to other reasons as well—the death of Pushkin, who was a good friend and who had suggested the theme for "The Government Inspector," Gogol's own personal disappointment that his major works were not received by the public as enthusiastically as he would have liked, and his long emotional tie since childhood to a kind of ritualistic Orthodoxy. He never wavered after 1842 from his belief that the Orthodox church was the backbone of the patriarchal system of government, which he staunchly supported.

The Gogol Mr. Magarshack describes is a disillusioned, unhappy, twisted genius-writer, who vainly sought a kind of public acclaim from the Russians which, for reasons of Gogol's profound self-consciousness and egoism, would have been possible only on the pages of his more fantastic, unnatural Ukrainian tales. When the public response to "The Government Inspector" was far from overwhelming, he wrote, "The prophet is without honor in his own country."

Here was one "prophet" who, more than anything else, was always a small-town boy who wanted to leave his indelible mark on Petersburg's high-flying society. He feared obscurity and loneliness with a psychotic passion, and he was always happiest in the company of friends who encouraged him to act out all the parts of his plays, which he did well.

Gogol had a vision of the world which did not conform to reality; when his vision and reality were in conflict, he did not bend with the pressures of reality; rather, he upheld his vision even more stubbornly. The result is an absorbing study—and Mr. Magarshack deserves commendation.

Pick of the Paperbacks

PREJUDICES. *By H. L. Mencken. Vintage.* $1.25. The arch antagonist of buncombe represented by acerbic, witty, rousing essays selected by James T. Farrell from six volumes of Mencken's original work.

THE WHITE GODDESS. *By Robert Graves. Vintage.* $1.25. The historian-poet-anthropologist's study of the language of poetic myth as it is related to age-old religious ceremonies honoring the goddess of the moon.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE. *By Wolf Mankowitz. Signet.* 25¢. A funny story about a World War I veteran, now caretaker of the city dump, his amiable companion, and their rambling, rollicking adventures.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH POETRY. *Edited by Angel Flores. Anchor.* $1.45. An extensive selection of poetry, in both French and English, traces the course of French verse from Gérard de Nerval to Paul Valéry.

ARMS AND MEN. *By Walter Millis. Mentor.* 50¢. An historian's study of American military history, from colonial times to the present complex policy of armed might.

OMOO. *By Herman Melville. Evergreen.* $1.95. An early autobiographical tale of adventure in the South Seas that foreshadows many of the themes later expanded in "Moby Dick."

FOUR PLAYS. *By Eugène Ionesco. Translated by Donald M. Allen. Evergreen.* $1.75. The first collection of the Romanian-born French playwright's work to be published in America provides a look into an upside-down world where reality isn't what it would seem to be.

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SR to the Kitchen

Continued from page 23

Taste" (The United States Naval Institute, $4), compiled by the "Ladies of the Allied Command, Atlantic," includes favorite and famous dishes of the fifteen NATO nations, as well as recipes from the households of the heads of state of NATO nations. All proceeds from the sales of "The Best of Taste" are being turned over to the NATO Scholarship and Fellowship Program. Can you think of a better way to learn to know our allies while furthering a good cause? Almost a companion piece to "The Best of Taste" is **"Festive Menus 'Round the World,"** by Sula Benét (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50). Having tried in the line of duty to track down the festival menus of different countries (unsuccessfully, I might add), I am impressed by Mrs. Benét's efforts. Well documented, with excellent recipes, this is a book I am delighted to own.

The second volume of **"The Gourmet Cookbook"** (Gourmet, $12.50), which is every bit as big as the first volume, includes, I'm told, all recipes published in *Gourmet* magazine from 1949 to 1954. Gourmet II, like its companion, is a handsome book with the same distinguished format, many new, beautiful color pictures and a short but comprehensive chapter on wines.

Of the five books on American cookery published in 1957 only two are American in the strictest sense of the word. Both **"The Famous American Recipes Cookbook,"** by John and Marie Roberson (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), and **"Cooking American,"** by Sidney W. Dean (Hill & Wang, $3.95), are confined to the good but plain food we all know and love. The Robersons include recipes for game, which Mr. Dean does not. On the other hand, Mr. Dean includes a good deal of interesting, factual material. Marjorie Mosser's **"Foods of Old New England"** (Doubleday, $4.95) is a worthy follow-up to "Good Maine Food," which I, personally, have used with pleasure for many years. The forthright presentation of the recipes, along with Kenneth Roberts's lively notes and essays, make it a delightful book. The third in this group is Stella Standard's **"Complete American Cook Book"** (World, $3.95), which I think is a bit of a misnomer in that Mrs. Standard has included innumerable recipes spawned far, far away from here. Nevertheless, she is an excellent cook, and you can have as much confidence in preparing her Swiss fondue as her applesauce. The major reading-cooking book of 1957 was Mary Margaret McBride's **"Harvest of Amer-**

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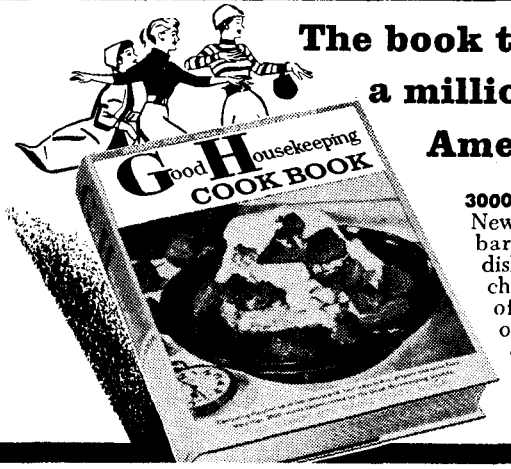

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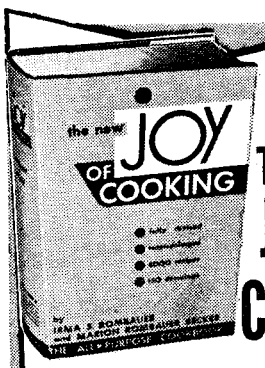

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ican Cooking" (Putnam's, $7.50). Half the book is given to the story of American food, state by state, while the other half is devoted to recipes, almost all of which are American.

Surprisingly, the past year produced only one book on that absorbing subject, diet: **"The Slenderella Cook Book,"** by Myra Waldo (Putnam's, $4.95). Since I subscribe wholly to the sensible "cut down, don't cut out" method of dieting, I am not, obviously, in sympathy with any regimen that calls for special recipes reduced in calories. However, I am certainly sympathetic to anyone who wants and needs to lose weight and if this cook book can help to achieve that end, I say, go to it! Since Miss Waldo is an excellent cook, I assume these recipes meet her usual high standards.

For the first time in a long time two books on game cookery turned up last year. The first and most comprehensive, **"Sportsman's Game and Fish Cookbook,"** by Helen Lyon Adamson and Hans Christian Adamson (Greenberg, $5.95), has 900 recipes on the preparation and serving of every kind of game found in the United States and Canada. It not only tells the reader how to cook the game (or fish) but how to handle it from the time of the kill until it's in the pot. The second, **"The Venison Book,"** by Audrey Alley Gorton (Stephen Greene, $1.95), is a modest little book on how to dress, cut up, and cook your deer. The author certainly writes as if she knew what she was talking about, and the few recipes she includes sound most tempting.

Anyone familiar with "Herbs for the Kitchen" will welcome with open arms **"Accent on Seasoning,"** by Irma G. Mazza (Little, Brown, $4.50). It has been almost twenty years since Mrs. Mazza's first book, and that's much too long for this magnificent cook to expect her audience to wait to share her culinary discoveries. I recommend that all cooks, but very particularly new cooks, buy this book if only to study the chapter on the "Art of Seasoning." Here is wise counsel from a truly knowledgeable cook. "Accent on Seasoning" belongs right at the top with the best of 1957. Another topflight cook book, **"Season to Taste,"** by Peggy Harvey (Knopf, $3.95), came as a delightful surprise to me since I was not familiar with Mrs. Harvey's earlier book, "When the Cook's Away." "Season to Taste" combines imagination, good taste, good writing, and good sense. Her menus and menu planning are as fine as anything you'll find, and all her recipes sound superb.

A blatant contrast to these two fine cook books is **"52 Fridays,"** by Ethel M. Keating (Bruce, $3.95). Mrs. Keating started out with a good idea and ended by publishing incredibly bad menus. I can quarrel with **"Helen Corbitt's Cook Book"** (Houghton Mifflin, $5) on the same score because her menus are not properly constructed either. Her recipes, however, are basic and good because Miss Corbitt knows exactly what she's doing at the stove. The most difficult part of any meal is the construction, and it's high time someone who really knows the art (and art it is) settles down and writes a book about it.

Westerners who read *Sunset* magazine should be delighted to know that recipes from "Chefs of the West," a regular *Sunset* feature, are now compiled in a book called, I regret to say, **"Cooking Bold and Fearless"** (Lane, $3.95). Since all the recipes were contributed by distinguished amateur cooks, I should think any man who likes to cook would enjoy owning it. The recipes run the gamut from brandy-broiled steak to Baba au Rhum. All are thoroughly tested.

Last year, as every year, the cook books published were good to fair to poor to muddlin'. With the interest in *good* food at a high in our history, one can't help but wonder why publishers bring out books that contribute nothing to the cook's skill nor, I would guess, to their coffers. Because a person can cook up a dish is no indication he can cook up a book. Fewer but better cook books is my modest plea.

NOT WRIT IN WATER: André L. Simon's latest book breaks the black-and-white barrier and presents **"The Noble Grapes and the Great Wines of France"** (McGraw-Hill, $15) in full color—in vineyard, in life-size bunch, in bottles, decanters, and drinking glasses—with such verisimilitude that you fairly inhale the bouquets. These twenty-four full-page reproductions are from photographs by Percy Hennell, and the frontispieced author is understandably happy about them. Indeed, the whole handsome volume is a triumph job dedicated to the dissemination of the enjoyment of wines. With so much knowledge to impart, André Simon's text is judiciously forthright and free of secondhand opinions. Bordeaux, Burgundy, and the Rhone are accorded complete rosters of classics; Champagne is throughly gone through; the varietals of Alsace appraised and appreciated, and other regions wrapped up. Of "little" wines he contends that "many deserve to be called 'grand' wines, just as many a friend may be . . . a grand fellow who never was a great man."

The book, enriched with eight fine maps and fascinating cellar endpapers, is as impeccable as it is irresistible.

—LAWTON MACKALL.

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Laughing Lincoln

Continued from page 13

have made the same impact and caused as much comment without the humor that spiced and enlivened them.

"He was a master of satire, which was at times as blunt as a meat-ax, and at others as keen as a razor," wrote a Toledo reporter who interviewed him at the time. And the reporter added: "I never saw a more thoughtful face. I never saw a more dignified face. I never saw so sad a face."

The paradox of ready laughter wedded to a melancholy that "dripped from him when he walked" made him a unique and baffling figure in the White House, unlike anything his great predecessors—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson—had led the nation to expect.

What happened in the Cabinet meeting at noon of Monday, September 22, 1862, perhaps the most momentous ever held, was unforgettably characteristic.

Secretary Stanton arrived a little after the others, having been delayed by his many pressing duties at the War Department. He was a stern, no-nonsense man and was appalled to find the President reading aloud in his high-pitched voice from "a book of some kind which seemed to amuse him." The book was Artemus Ward's latest and Lincoln was reading the chapter called "High-Handed Outrage in Utica," a comic skit in Ward's usual preposterous country dialect.

"It seemed like buffoonery," Stanton said afterwards, and he considered getting up and leaving.

If he had, he would have missed an historic moment. For when Lincoln finished with Artemus Ward and had the laugh he could not do without in times of tension, he took a document from the table and read aloud again in a quite different vein. What he read this time was the Emancipation Proclamation.

LINCOLN very often relieved his agony over military reverses and frustrations with rueful quips and comments which exposed the defects and exploded the excuses of his blundering commanders.

He was once asked how large the Confederate Army was. "About 1,200,000 men," he replied.

When his questioner expressed astonishment at so mighty a host, the President explained: "Well, whenever one of our generals is licked he says he was outnumbered three or four to one, and we have 400,000 men."

McClellan's interminable preparations for action without ever making a decisive move prompted Lincoln to say, "It is called the Army of the Potomac but it is only McClellan's bodyguard . . . If he is not using the Army, I should like to borrow it for a while." When a man asked him for a pass to Richmond, he said he would be glad to oblige, "but I have given McClellan more than 200,000 passes to Richmond, and not a man has got there yet."

Once he received a dispatch from the front which said little more than that one of Burnside's units had been heard firing briskly. He seemed more pleased with this news than its importance warranted. "It reminds me of a neighbor of mine in Menard County, named Sally Ward," he explained. "She had a large family of children that she took very little care of. Whenever she heard one of them yelling in some out-of-the-way place she would say, 'Thank the Lord! There's one of my young ones not dead yet!' "

He found it most unfair when a Temperance Union warned him that there was a curse on the North that assured its defeat because of all the whiskey-drinking in the Union Army. "The other side," he said, "drinks more and worse whiskey than we do."

His stories were taken up and repeated, and spread across the country. Hundreds which he never so much as heard were attributed to him, and they filled popular books like "Old Abe's Jokes—Fresh From Abraham's Bosom" and "Old Abe's Joker, or Wit at the White House." At the Chicago Sanitary Fair of 1864 a pair of large busts were featured as representing "The Two American Humorists." One was of Dan Rice, the "King of American Clowns," and the other was of President Abraham Lincoln.

In the day-to-day grind of the Presidency, Lincoln found humor "an emollient that saves me much friction and distress." It probably saved his sanity. In addition to the overriding burden of the war, he was forced to deal with a wolfish pack of office-seekers who continually prowled the White House, eating at his time and corroding his patience. With a merry answer he turned away much wrath and spared himself much time and trouble.

One delegation called on him in behalf of a deserving Republican whom they wanted appointed Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They urged that since their candidate was in bad health, the salubrious climate would be of great benefit to him. "Gentlemen," Lincoln told them, "I am sorry to say that there are eight applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man." Another group of petitioners reported that in response to their request for jobs "the President treated us to four anecdotes."

WHEN the President came down with an attack of varioloid, a mild form of smallpox, he sent word from his sick room: "Tell all the office-seekers there is one good thing about this. I have something now I can give everybody."

He compressed volumes of political diplomacy into the story he told about dealing with an indignant Governor who went raging into his office and emerged smiling and becalmed.

"You must have made large concessions to him," an aide remarked to Lincoln.

Said the President:

"Oh, no, I did not concede anything. You know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field? To the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday, he announced that he had got rid of the big log. 'Got rid of it!" said they, 'how did you do it? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn; what did you do?' 'Well, now, boys,' replied the farmer, 'if you won't divulge the secret, I'll tell you how I got rid of it—I ploughed around it.' "

Lincoln added: "Don't tell anybody, but that's how I got rid of the Governor. I ploughed around him."

Not all his problems yielded so easily. When once he was asked how it felt to be President of the United States, he answered:

"You have heard about the man tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail? A man in the crowd asked him how he liked it, and his reply was that if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, he would much rather walk."

He would roam the silent White House at night, his flannel nightgown flapping around his lean shins, searching for somebody still awake with whom he could share a hilarious passage he had just come upon in the latest effusions of Orpheus C. Kerr or Petroleum V. Nasby. But as the war wore on and the casualty lists lengthened—The Wilderness, Spotsylvania,

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Sir Max Beerbohm: "A Defense of Cosmetics." 2. Shakespeare: "Antony and Cleopatra." 3. W. S. Gilbert: "Princess Ida." 4. John Donne: "Elegies." 5. Oscar Wilde: "The Importance of Being Earnest." 6. Byron: "Beppo." 7. Arthur Wing Pinero: "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." 8. Swift: "Polite Conversation." 9. Kipling: "Venus Annodomini." 10. Saki: "Reginald on Besetting Sins."

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Cold Harbor—the old high laugh rang out less and less, the white smile flashed only seldom. In his face the seams and furrows deepened. In his eyes the shadows darkened. "This war!" he groaned. "This awful war!"

Then, at last, came Appomattox.

On April 14, 1865, Good Friday, the flag was raised again over Fort Sumter, putting the final period to the war and symbolizing what Lincoln had ceaselessly striven for through four excruciating years—the Union preserved. Some said that never before had they seen his face so glowing.

"Everything is bright this morning," he said to a White House visitor, "The war is over. . . . We are going to have good times now."

The laugh returned, and there was as always a joke or a story for everyone he met during a day crowded with appointments and interviews. In the late afternoon he went for a carriage ride with Mrs. Lincoln, and afterward she recalled that he said: "I never felt so happy in my life."

The old problems of office-seeking had to be dealt with. A Congressman from Ohio called in the afternoon and asked that one of his constituents be made a Staff Officer in the army. That reminded the President of a story. It seems that when he was a young man in Illinois there was a woman who made shirts, and an Irishman ordered one for some special occasion. When he got it, he found it starched all around instead of just the bosom. "He returned it," said Lincoln, "with the remark that he didn't want a shirt that was all collar. The trouble with you, Congressman, is that you want the army all staff and no army."

Two old cronies from back home turned up in the early evening, and Lincoln greeted them warmly and took them into his office. Mary, who had given her husband a housewifely warning that supper would soon be ready, could hear the men roaring with laughter as they talked of old times. Lincoln had taken from his pocket a recent column by Petroleum Nasby, clipped from a newspaper. He read it aloud, using his gift of mimicry on Nasby's rustic illiteracies and relishing even the barbs directed at "the Goriller Linkin." Mary's dinner was kept waiting.

He did not feel like going to Ford's Theatre that night. He had already seen "Our American Cousin," in which Laura Keene was to give her final performance. Still, his appearance had been announced in the papers and he did not wish to disappoint the people he knew would turn out to see him. Besides, the play was a comedy, after all, and he always looked forward to any occasion that promised laughter.

Boom in Good Books

Continued from page 16

Stephen Crane's Civil War story, "The Red Badge of Courage." He was back in a week. "I want more Crane," he announced. "For suspense, he's tops."

Tales of this change in our reading habits come up out of the Tennessee and Kentucky hills. "On my route, which is one where the county bookmobile supplies the only books some of the mountain folk ever see," says one bookmobile operator, "the requests more and more frequently today are for titles like Willa Cather's 'O Pioneers,' Dickens's 'Pickwick Papers,' Stevenson's 'The Black Arrow,' James Stephens's 'The Crock of Gold'." Says another bookmobile librarian: "We had a book torn apart recently—by two girls squabbling over who should have it first. It was Sigrid Undset's 'The Bridal Wreath'."

Part of the interest in good reading has been stimulated by an unexpected source: the movies. Whenever a classic such as "Moby Dick or "Gone With the Wind" is shown on the screen the effect is felt in the bookstores. When the film version of "War and Peace" was released a year and a half ago, the Tolstoy novel became, overnight, the fastest-selling book in America. The film of Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre" forced three different book publishers to bring out new editions.

But what really triggered the good reading explosion was the appearance of paper-covered books. Last year American book publishers put out 4,500 titles in "paperbacks." More than *300 million* copies were sold, millions of which fell into the "good reading" category. In Europe paperback books have been common and successful for decades. American publishers, however, thought that good, low-priced paper-covered books wouldn't sell here. Then in 1939 one publisher thought differently. Robert F. de Graff started Pocket Books Inc., launching ten twenty-five-cent titles. Other book publishers prophesied early failure. But Pocket Books made a great discovery: good literature in paperback form would sell to the "masses" in America. Among its first titles were "The Way of All Flesh," "Wuthering Heights," "The Good Earth," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and "Four Great Tragedies of Shakespeare." This last was the big surprise, for it was to sell on and on, eventually topping 2 million copies.

By 1949 Pocket Books was selling nearly 50 million books a year, and competition such as Avon Books, Penguin Books, Bantam Books, and the New American Library of World Literature had entered the arena. Recently these publishers have had another surprise. In the paperbacks the kids go overboard for "good reading" titles. "Don't ask me why," an Alabama librarian wrote one publisher, "but boys and girls who won't touch De Kruif's 'Microbe Hunters' or Rachel Carson's 'The Sea Around Us' in hard covers will eat them up if they can stick them in their back jeans pocket."

Hard cover publishers have gotten on the bandwagon. Firms like Doubleday, Viking, Harpers, Rinehart, Scribners soon began putting out their own soft cover quality titles. But with a difference. Often their books have stiffer paper covers and are higher priced—ninety-five cents to $1.45. But even at those prices, many people will buy them. An example is "The Lonely Crowd," a sociological study by a University of Chicago professor of how Americans today have had to compromise their individuality. The sale of this ninety-five-cent paperback is now over 230,000.

The demand for good books led Brentano's in New York to turn over a whole downstairs floor to paper books almost entirely "highbrow" in nature. "Since the paperbacks started putting out literature," a Brentano's executive told me, "our paperback sales have increased tenfold. People used to buy good books one at a time. Now for $10 they walk out with an armful."

While the low cost of the paperbacks (usually twenty-five or thirty-five cents) has been a major factor in their enormous sales, equally important has been their availability. They are sold not only in bookstores, of which there are only 1,500 in the whole country, but in drugstores, cigar stores, railway terminals, and even supermarkets. All in all, there are more than 100,000 outlets.

A man who was shingling a camp near mine in Maine last spring read Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim" over his sandwich at lunchtime. "Read much Conrad?" I asked. He said he hadn't until recently. There was no library near, and books like that had cost too much. "But now," he said, "I can get these good thirty-five-centers at Schoville's anytime." (Schoville's is the general store in a town of perhaps 400.)

Mark Twain's witticism—that a classic is a book everyone wants to have read but nobody wants to read—doesn't hold true any more. The classics are being read by the millions. As Lyman Bryson, former Columbia Teachers College professor, said recently: "Most people will respond to better things than they are used to if given a chance."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Inge Borkh as Salome, Offenbachiana, Ricci

INGE BORKH may not be an outstanding Salome, but she is apt to be a very successful soprano at the Metropolitan Opera for some time to come. The German soprano made her debut in one of the most challenging parts in the repertory and vocalized it so well that one's mind began placing her in this and that Wagnerian role for which her talents are suitable (beginning with Sieglinde in a forthcoming "Walküre"). In size and quality, accuracy and sure control it took the operatic hurdles more smoothly than one would have expected from previous hearings in Carnegie and Town Halls.

For Salome, Miss Borkh has a number of striking physical assets, including more height than the average soprano, a reasonably streamlined body, good facial characteristics, and a mass of chestnut hair. Her characterization, following the line of the part, falls into three divisions. It is particularly good in the first long section, where she is credibly youthful, convincingly aroused by a perverse passion for Jokanaan. The characterization begins to falter when she has been rebuffed and must suggest a mounting, uncontrollable tide of desire which can only be satisfied by the thing she craves—the prophet's head.

The studied projection of this was made up too much of hand movements, arm waving, stalking of the stage, etc., too little of believable temper. Its weakest element was the awkwardly executed dance (Miss Borkh moves best when she doesn't move at all), which was more Mary Wigman than Mary Garden. I question particularly the physical contact with Herod, in which she throws herself across his knees and rolls to the floor. It defeats the subtle point of the scene that Salome is taunting Herod by denying physical contact.

However, when the head was forthcoming and she was once again the singing actress, the graph of accomplishment rose sharply. My suspicion is that Miss Borkh brought this characterization with her ready-made, and Hans Busch's participation as stage director was—in her case—purely nominal. Should she submit to skilfull direction, her vocal talents and dramatic aptitudes (she was originally an actress) might result in something consistently striking. At bottom, however, one doubts she has the brand (used in the inflamatory sense) of temperament to ignite the hard core of Salome. There remains only one Welitch, for all the fact that Miss Borkh is married to a gentleman of the same name, and thus is, legally, another.

Despite its dramatic unevenness, Miss Borkh's musical accomplishment provided Dimitri Mitropoulos with a sure reliance around which to build his performance. This impressed me, on the whole, as more subtle, less dynamically violent than the one he gave in 1954 when Christl Goltz was the Salome, more sustained musically. It had some incidental difficulties to overcome, such as the substitution of Norman Kelley for Ramon Vinay (tending to suggest Otto Soglow's Little King rather than Strauss's Herod) and a less than powerful Jokanaan by Mack Harrell. Both men are finely conscientious artists, but Kelley's experience (especially in singing German) is limited for this frenzied part, while Harrell's voice lacks the thrust of power delivered for Jokanaan's music by Paul Schoeffler, Hans Hotter, Joel Berglund or, in other days, Friedrich Schorr. His striking physical conception will, however, be long remembered. In smaller parts, William Wilderman was conspicuously successful as the first Nazarene (rolling tones, fine German enunciation), Jon Crain was a promising Narraboth, Margaret Roggero a satisfactory Page. As Herodias, Blanche Thebom is both familiar and welcome.

As a cart-before-the-war horse, "Gianni Schicchi" resumed the place it had served in 1937, 1943, 1948, 1949, and 1951 (in 1954, "Salome" was preceded by a ballet "Vittorio"). It was also given in Italian, which was more to the advantage of Fernando Corena's artful Schicchi than to some of the others in the cast. Corena is a presently good and potentially excellent Schicci, Nicola Moscona made a striking characterization of Simone (he maintains, throughout, the palsied twitching associated with Virgilio Lazzari in this part, though it is probably traditional), and Ezio Flagello recalled his capable Leporello as a notary. Otherwise, the parts tended to be downgraded, especially the weakish Rinuccio sung by Gabor Corelli, the insufficient Vecchia of Belan Amparan. Nadine Conner, a late replacement for Emilia Cundari, asserted her professionalism by making much of her opportunity, especially in "O mia babbino cara." Some opinion found Mitropoulos's conducting of this score unduly "symphonic." I was gratified to hear, for once, all the subtleties of the writing properly honored, in a total conception frequently entertaining.

AMONG the perils of reviving one of the obscure Offenbach operettas is the possibility that its best tunes may already have been appropriated for such a pastiche as "Gaite Parisienne," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," etc. In the case of "La Grande Duchess de Gerolstein," which the American Opera Society presented in Town Hall, its overture began almost as a reprise of the Metropolitan's "La Perichole," which had thoughtfully appropriated two of its best tunes. Otherwise, it was a largely laudable enterprise under the direction of Arnold U. Gamson, thanks to the participation of Martial Singher (who sings the frisky music of General Boum with as much artistry as he bestows on Schubert's "Doppelgaenger"), the stalwart Leopold Simeoneau, the charming Pierette Alarie, and the adept Jennie Tourel. Stefan Schnabel spoke an English narration with well-flavored wit.

"Perichole" itself was presented to a large TV audience later in the week, as an "Omnibus" production on NBC-TV. Unquestionably superior entertainment for TV, it deprived the viewer of the large contribution Rolf Gerard's colorful decor made to the original effect (it was black and white all the way), while imposing on the listener visual effects much more suitable to the spaces of the Opera House than the TV camera. Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, Laurel Hurley (Patrice Munsel's TV services belong to another network!), and the rest performed with spirit under Jean Morel's direction, but it emphasized, for me, the axiom that TV opera should be created for the medium, or conveyed as a documentary from its point of origin. Straddling the conflicting demands of camera and stage can only result in compromise.

RUGGERIO RICCI'S present status as a violinist of prowess and a musician of purpose was underlined by a Carnegie Hall recital full of fine sound and eloquent art. Unfortunately, a program which stressed musicianship rather than violinistics rewarded him with a pitiful small attendance. A sequence of sonatas by Beethoven (Op. 12, No. 1), Bloch, and Bach (G minor unaccompanied) provided pulsating, vibrantly alive music for those who were present. Carl Bussotti's piano playing was an essential reliance in the Bloch.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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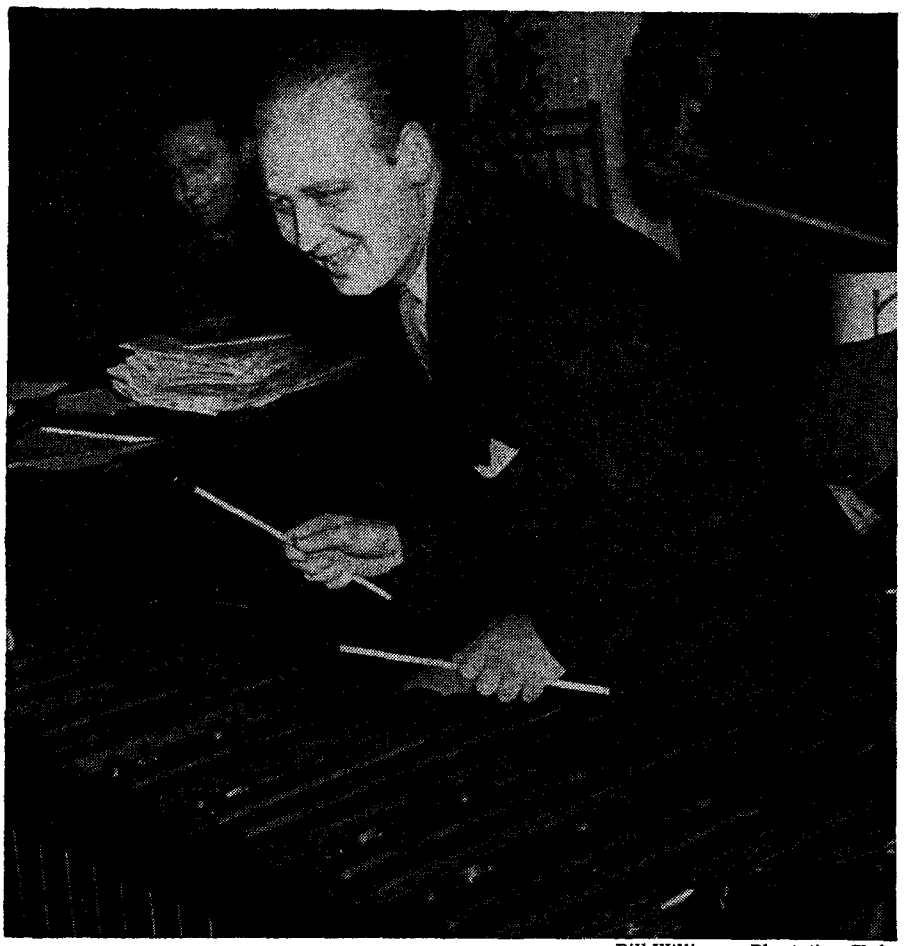
MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

RED NORVO: FAR OUT, FAR IN



—Bill Williams—Plantation Club.

Red in the late 1930s—"he wisely postponed learning to read music."

By RICHARD GEHMAN and EDDIE CONDON

ONE of the most agreeable memories that many musicians retain of Chicago in the late Twenties and early Thirties is that Red Norvo was around, a man for whom smiling was never an effort. He was up from a southern Illinois riverboat stop, Beardstown, playing the xylophone in huge sales-convention bands (Paul Ash and his Quality Serenaders, etc.) and in quartets clad in bell-bottomed white ducks and striped blazers, and sometimes going out as a vaudeville soloist in a full-sleeved satin blouse, black *charro* pants, and a velvet sash, a costume that practically demanded that he tap dance in the breaks and produce Teddy bears and American flags from the logs in that forest he played. Red did not make many of the cellar sessions at the Three Deuces and other spots for two good reasons: (1) few of his contemporaries regarded the xylophone even as a serious rival for the klaxon, and (2) the instrument was not altogether portable, although people often suggested that Red could put pedals on it and ride it.

Although he was a non-participant, nobody was more interested in the music then being discovered than he; he carried a phonograph and a suitcase full of Louis's records out on the road with him and drove his fellow blazerites half-crazy by wearing them out in the dressing room while the performing coyotes were onstage. Of the Chicagoans who remain—and the originals are running out of breath the way the Marxists in this country are running out of the party—Red is the only one who has made the transition from the jazz of those days, which he assimilated, to the jazz not merely of today but of tomorrow, which he is helping produce at a great rate. Dave Tough tried switching his style in his later years; Leonard Feather has publicly expressed the view that the attempt was a contributing factor in Dave's collapse. Benny Goodman got one foot on the bop train in the early Forties and promptly stepped back for reasons of love or money, one or the other. In the past few years both Bud Freeman and Pee Wee Russell have played competently and imaginatively with groups oriented to new jazz, but it can be argued that they, in Chicago, were far ahead of their day.

Well, so was Red—and in his case, the metamorphosis has been close to total.

Anyone who does anything well, whether it's hog-calling or Indian wrestling or playing an instrument called the xylophone, usually begins early, and Kenneth Norville, born 1908, was no exception. When Red was about nine, his older brother Howard went off to an Ag school and left him a pony. One day Red happened to hear a stage xylophonist, was fascinated, and told his parents he wanted to learn to play. They laughed at him; they had spent money on music lessons for Red's two older brothers and his older sister, and it was their idea that no Norville was really serious about music. Red was serious to the extent of selling the pony to buy his first xylophone (he pronounced it then, as now, "*zilla*-phone"). He was taught by one good teacher, his ear, and one bad, the phonograph. He copied what he could from some early horrors by George Hamilton Green and other virtuosi and made up the rest. Recently he told us, "I was always like instinctive—I don't know why, I just seemed to be able to play the things I like heard in my head" (like many musicians, Red is excessively fond of the word "like").

Background music for the early careers of all jazzmen ought to be the hum of a shuttle. Red, an easy-blushing teen-ager, went to Chicago in his early teens with a half-boys half-girls band, auditioned for an agent, and went right back to Beardstown in trembling relief. The agent remembered and recalled him the following year, and his sash period began. His aspirations as a tap-dancing marimbist were dealt a hard blow when he joined a band led by Ocky Weslin (yes, Virginia, there was an Ocky Weslin), and felled when he heard his first Armstrong record. He wanted to go to college, but he took two jobs simultaneously with Chicago broadcasting studio bands. If he had matriculated he might have learned to read music almost at once, but he wisely

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postponed that until he was in his mid-twenties.

Red's last name was handed him by an orchestra leader who could not seem to pronounce Norville. "Every night he hung something different on me," Red recalls. "Norby, Norver, and so on. Then he did 'Norvo' a couple nights in a row, and I figured what the hell, I might as well like adopt it."

In 1930 Paul Whiteman heard him and hired him, and Red heard Mildred Bailey and married her. He enjoyed marriage to Mildred but loathed the Whiteman working conditions, which forced him to be more entertainer than artist. After three years he finally left the band between engagements in New York. Then began an aimless, drifting time which he passed by attempting to drink everything in sight. In the early Thirties he formed a septet and played on 52nd Street in New York and made a few records which Epic has reissued ("Red Norvo and His All Stars," Epic LG 3128). One of the bands on that LP, made with some strollers named Benny Goodman (bass clarinet), Artie Bernstein (bass), and Dick McDonough (guitar), is a true classique, "Dance of the Octopus," and Bix's piano solo, "In a Mist." This record belongs in everybody's collection.

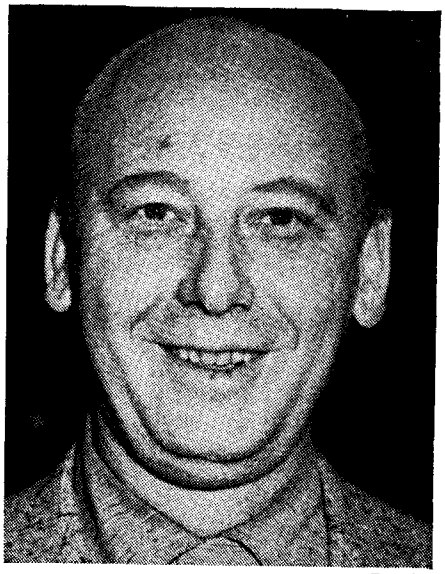
In the mid-Thirties Red met Eddie Sauter, who had some arranging notions that fitted in with his own concepts. Red and Mildred formed a twelve-piece band that is now firmly entrenched in history as one of the finest of all time. Eddie did most of the arranging, and there were soloists like Stewie Pletcher (cornet), Hank D'Amico (clarinet), Herb Haymer (tenor saxophone), and, naturally, Red himself. Columbia has been planning to reissue the records this combination made, and it's a shame that the company has yet to bring these plans to reality.

IN MANY respects the band's playing was exactly like Red's own—it was a light-touch, easy group that did nothing but swing. Red's xylophone would burst out of the brass figures and the warm saxophones would fall beneath him, and then Mildred's high, clear—yet somehow earthy—voice would take over for a solo in a way that no lady singer has yet been able to emulate. It was some band. It broke up, eventually—Red and Mildred found they were compatible musically but not emotionally—and its members went on to other pursuits with the knowledge that they'd left behind something eminently memorable. That is, all the members but Stewie Pletcher. He vowed, when he left Red, he would never play in another band, and he never has. When last heard from he was driving a diaper truck on the West Coast.

Red worked for spells in the bands of Woody Herman and Benny Goodman when the modern era was just beginning to find itself, and in the course of those jobs he found himself as well. He had decided that vibes were better suited to his musical ideas than the xylophone. Although Lionel Hampton had made vibes a swing instrument about ten years before, it was Red's technique that brought what seemed like hordes of young vibrists into the jazz scene. Today, thanks to him, the instrument is not only respectable but revered. And thanks to Red's ever-growing talent, the best music of which it is capable is his own.

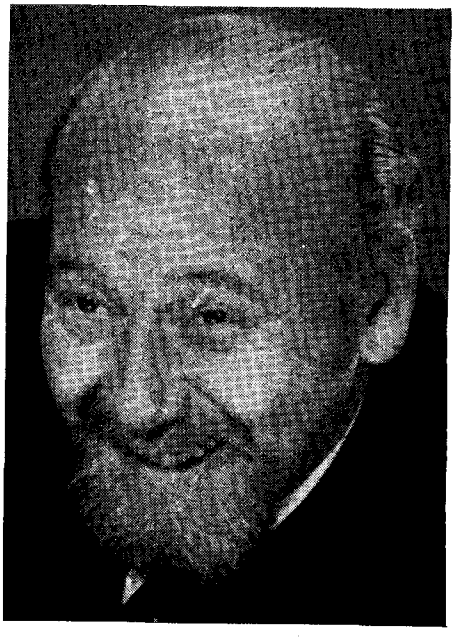
This music has been tumbling forth with heartening regularity during the past couple of years. Now settled in Santa Monica, California (he moved there with his wife, the former Eve Rogers, and their son and daughter, Kevin and Portia, in 1950), Red is far from settled musically; he is, as noted before, one of the few old-timers who has continued to develop. He plays with bass and guitar, he plays with that combination plus tenor and alto saxophones, flute, and drums. And while much of what he plays is pretty far out—a friend of ours has remarked, "Red plays the most consonant dissonances of anybody in music"—it's also always far in. In perfect time, in perfect taste, that is. Recently he has been teaming up more and more with Jack Montrose, the tenor man. Some idea of what the two of them have been doing may be gathered from two Victor LPs—"Blues and Vanilla" (LPM 1451) and "The Horn's Full" (LPM 1572). The first features a Montrose composition called "Concerto da Camera" which takes up the entire side; it is divided into two sections, one blues, the other jump (Montrose calls the second "vanilla," for some reason), and each is divided into three separate themes. The musicians play these themes against each other and with each other, concurrently and contrapuntally, and the result is some of the most exciting jazz to come from the West Coast for a long time.

Red may also be heard on "Music to Listen to Red Norvo By" (Contemporary C-3534) and on "Norvo—Naturally!" (Rave RLP 101). And that his sense of humor has not been blanched by the California sunshine is proved by "Red Norvo with Strings" (Fantasy 3-218). Evidently weary of the endless succession of records of Wild Bill with strings, Dizzy with strings, Lombardo with strings, Everybody with strings, Red made his own; but his string section consists only of Tal Farlow, guitar (E, B, G, D, A, E) and Red Mitchell, bass (G, D, A, E). These three above-mentioned records are well sprinkled with Red's own compositions. In addition to collecting Bennington china, and raising dappled dachshunds and children, in recent years he has been devoting more and more time to composition. He studies with Dr. Wesley Laviolette and writes for at least an hour every day. When we spoke to him recently, he said, "This writing's like opened up a whole new thing for me. I used to get ideas but couldn't develop them—now I can develop the thematic thing. Now I know *why* I do what I used to do instinctively—I'm like a new man, you might say." Yes, you might; that is one of the great things about this jazz pioneer. He's always been like a new man.



—*Popsie.*

"Nothing but swing" (1945).



"Always a new man" (1957).

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Recordings Report: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
"Chicago/Austin High Jazz in Hi Fi." Bud Freeman Summa Cum Laude Orch. RCA Victor LPM 1508, $3.98.	If more people (and critics) could appreciate the classic playing of Freeman, Teagarden, and Pee Wee, the music business probably wouldn't be scuffling as much as it is. The presence of Billy Butterfield, one of the world's finest all around trumpetists, is very gratifying. Wettling keeps everything under control. The rarely heard "Prince of Wails" is included.
"Cu Bop!" Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers with Sabu and a Bongo Jubilee LP 1049, $3.98.	Fine musicians. No message.
The original arrangements of Jimmie Lunceford in Hi Fi, featuring Sy Oliver and his Orch. Decca DL 8636, $3.98.	It may not have been an easy job for Sy Oliver to get this production off the ground, but he surely did. From the warm singing of Sy, his trio, and the playing of Taft Jordan, Paul Jordan, and Jimmy Crawford, to the choice of numbers such as "Four or Five Times" and "Dream of You" and the very tasty arrangements, this album is a swinger and a joy to hear.
"Modern Jazz Perspective." Don Byrd-Gigi Gryce and the Jazz Lab Quintet with Jackie Paris. Columbia CL 1058, $3.98.	The incorporation of "Jazz Lab" in any title is somehow repellent, but those words are probably why the liner notes go into complicated and unnecessary detail about "experimentation." The music speaks for itself. "Early Morning Blues" is a very interesting authentic-type treatment with the vocal handled very well by Paris, "Evening In Casablanca," a nice theme, shows an improved Don Byrd. Wendall Marshall and Wynton Kelly do good work and there are some beautiful ensembles. Unfortunately, although Gigi gets in a few strong words, the solos are not up to the "heads" (arrangements).
"Stan Getz in Stockholm." "Everything Happens to Me," "Over the Rainbow," "Jeepers Creepers," "Indiana," etc. Verve MGV 8213, $4.98.	"Now he's playing with a great beat" is what is heard every now and then about Getz. It's true enough but it's barely evident here. On the ballads, he might possibly be bored, since they sound almost like backgrounds instead of leads. Pianist Bengt Halberg's time is a bit faulty in spots. Since Getz has already proven himself a man of tremendous capabilities, this album is rather disappointing.
"Tour De Force." The Trumpets of Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie and Harry Edison. Verve MGV 8212, $4.98.	The first number, "Steeplechase," takes up a whole side of the album. It's almost impossible to sustain a high level of excitement for that long, but these fellows do it, and with a virtuosity that is magnificent. On the title tune, they're still swinging their heads off. Eldridge makes a work of art in "Through With Love." A tremendous album. Even the liner notes are good.
"Very Cool." Lee Konitz, Don Ferrara tpt, Sal Mosca piano, Peter Ind bass, Shadow Wilson drums. Verve MGV 8209, $4.98.	"Movin' Around" has a nice little head by Don Ferrara. "Billie's Bounce" was the only really enjoyable number on this album and that only because it's so close to Bird. "Crazy She Calls Me" should have been moving because it's a lovely melody, but somehow everything slipped into the abstract. Nothing abstract about Shadow Wilson, though, who was the jazz boss on this record.
"New York Jazz." Sonny Stitt Quartet. Sonny Stitt, Jo Jones, Ray Brown, Jimmy Jones. "I Know that You Know," "If I Had You," "Alone Together," etc. Verve MGV 8219, $4.98.	Sonny Stitt has always been a musician of integrity and taste, but now that he has realized his goal of being a marvelous technician, it would be nice if he relaxed a little, let some notes go by, and played a little more music. More advantage could have been taken of Jo "Genius" Jones' accompaniment. Best music is heard on "Norman's Blues."
"Pal Joey." Bobby Sherwood and His Orch. Jubilee 1061, $3.98.	The band business could certainly use Bobby Sherwood's experience as a showman and tasteful musician. Unfortunately, this very musical guy is hampered on these sides by arrangements best suited for weddings, banquets, etc.
"Salute to Satch." Joe Newman and His Orch. "When the Saints Go Marchin' In," "Chinatown," "Back O' Town Blues," "Sweethearts on Parade," etc. RCA Victor LPM 1324, $3.98.	Outside of Louis himself, this is one of the most musically intelligent and entertaining albums that have come out in a long time. Louis himself would be happy with the beautiful charts by Ernie Wilkins, Al Cohn, and Manny Album. Joe Newman utilizes the great backgrounds with all the formidable artistry in him and, (like Sy Oliver, Vic Dickenson, and Teagarden) displays remarkably good taste and feeling in his singing. More than adequate solos by Hank Jones, Urbie Green, and Al Cohn.
"Sittin' In." Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Paul Gonsalves, Wynton Kelly, J. C. Heard,, Wendall Marshall. Varve MGV 8225, $4.98.	The artists here are all practicing individualists. It's unusual these days to hear an album where everyone doesn't sound like a carbon copy of a carbon copy. On "Without a Word of Warning" Gonsalves is especially warm. Every one is very busy on the up-tempos. Dizzy's control is so tremendous that he even finds time for warmly humorous insertions. Wendall, J. C., and Wynton created a nice groove for everyone to fall into. It was probably a ball for everyone to just get together and blow.
"Soft Sands." Oscar Peterson Piano Solos with orch. conducted by Buddy Bregman: "Soft Sands," "It Happens Every Spring," "Songs to the Stars," etc. Verve MG V-2079, $3.98.	This is a pleasant album evidently intended for the pop field. Peterson has always been more competent as a soloist than an accompanist, but the only record up to par on this album is "You Took Advantage Of Me." Vocals a la Nat Cole.
"Texas! USA." The Rampart Street Paraders: "Dallas Blues," "The Eyes Of Texas," "Home On The Range," "Dixie," "Red River Valley," "March of the Mustangs," "I'm an Old Cowhand," etc. Columbia CL 1061, $3.98.	Eddie Miller is a killer! I hope the name of the group doesn't lead anyone to think that this is a novelty record, because it has some very serious jazz on it. The great Eddie Miller is featured, as are George Vans Eps, Abe Lincoln, Clyde Hurley and Matty Matlock, who plays very well on this album. Beautiful trumpet work by John Best on "On The Alamo." Each musician tried to deal with the character of each number in his own way. The result is that it doesn't sound like the same man playing every solo. That's not true of most albums these days. A very pretty thing called "Texas Mood" is included. Excellent notes by Charles Edward Smith.
"Out on a Limb." Pete Rugolo and his Orch. "Cha-lito Lindo," "Ballade for Drums," "Repetitious Riff," "Boy Next Door," Emarcy MG 36115, $3.98.	The first side opens with "Don't Play the Melody" which is a swinging showcase for trombonist Frank Rosolino. On the same side is a number called "Early Duke," which shows understanding of Duke's voicings but misses a point. Duke always built his harmonies and voicings around his ever present gift for melody. "In A Modal Tone" feels like an exercise, and all the romanticism has been robbed from "Sunday Monday Or Always" and "Nancy." Don Fagerquist plays some gorgeous little trumpet. —Ruby Braff.

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THE "PARKER STORY"

—*Popsie.*
Charlie Parker at the Three Deuces (1949).

By JOHN MEHEGAN

SINCE the death of Charlie Parker in 1955, there have appeared an increasing number of records documenting the achievement of the man who, nearly single-handed, created a new rhythmic and melodic vernacular in modern jazz.

Probably the most lavish discography has been released by Norman Granz, who reissued much of his Parker catalogue under the series "The Genius of Charlie Parker." Savoy released the "Charlie Parker Memorial," volumes 1 and 2; the "Immortal Charlie Parker," and "The Charlie Parker Story," the latter a fascinating chronology of one of Parker's greatest sessions during which he recorded "Now's the Time" (blues in F), "Billie's Bounce" (blues in F), and "Koko" ("Cherokee").

Now Granz has issued his version of the "Charlie Parker Story" in three volumes on Verve label. These volumes are extremely uneven in quality, running from incredible flashes of brilliance to a track in which Parker and a vocal group come to deadly grips over a miserable tune called "Old Folks." The gentle Parker is reduced to popping in and out of the arrangement much like Groucho Marx in "Room Service," while the vocal group grinds away at such choice conceits as "he's so diplomatic and so democratic."

The tracks fall into three categories:

1. Small combo
2. Parker with strings
3. Miscellaneous groups

including Jazz at the Philharmonic sides, Machito and his orchestra, and Parker's big band. The best of these is of course the small combo sides; "with strings" is pretty vapid stuff which even Parker cannot bring within earshot of jazz. The miscellaneous sides are cluttered although there are some fine moments with Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, and Parker blowing fours.

An analysis of the small combo sides reveals one of the fundamental structures of Parker's music—the blues. Parker was primarily concerned with destroying the rigidity of the bar-line and extending the melodic line. This could best be done by using simple automatic "charts" like blues (as in thirteen examples in this release). He would build a new "melody" over these chord charts using his vernacular rather than the original banal tune.

The implications to be drawn here touch upon the basic philosophical aspects of the morphology of jazz as an art form and its structure as a means of communicating emotion. If Parker is the major figure in modern jazz, and if the simplicity of his genius led him to the blues as an inexhaustible font of inspiration, could this mean that jazz is as it was in the beginning—archaic blues—and all else is the vanity of contrivance? In his revealing liner notes (identical in each of the three volumes), Granz speaks of prevailing upon Parker to "play pretty tunes . . . instead of the blues." Often this attempt to "humanize" Parker resulted in some magnificent playing as in "The Song Is You," "Love for Sale," "My Little Suede Shoes," and "Mango Mangue," but too often the boredom of playing indigent tunes like "I Love Paris" is apparent to even the casual listener.

It would seem that some basic questions of form and content are raised here. All art involves the dual premise of having something to say (content) and a way of saying it (form). Although it is a truism that an artist must confront both of these problems, it is also apparent that some sort of

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organic predisposition can lead an artist into one realm much more than the other.

It is not the point to equate one against the other. Jazz has nurtured artists of form (Mulligan, Henderson, Shearing), artists of content (Powell, Hawkins, Armstrong), and also a few giants possessing both in equal measure (Ellington, Tatum, Morton). Parker represents almost total content—if, of course, there can be such a thing.

Recordings sometimes are like novels in that there is often a "story" in the microgrooves. "The Charles Parker Story" is a tragedy. It is told in the bitter empiricism of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson. The method is realism. But Parker did not want realism. Realism meant playing bad tunes with soggy violins and being shuttled about as a submissive member of a "stellar package." This was Form with a vengeance.

Gillespie saw the need for form, realizing that his content alone (nearly equal to Parker's) could not bring bookings. Even a big band (an agent's headache) did not make it, so Diz tried comedy—a Van Dyke, dark glasses, and "be-bop" hats. This was 1946 and Parker, suffering a nervous breakdown, was forced to retire from active playing for over a year. Charlie resented these attempts of Diz to "merchandise" their music and relations between these two men were strained for some time. Much of "The Charlie Parker Story" covers the years from 1948 to the time of his death.

IN HIS notes, Granz tells of his trials in "organizing" Parker, first with JATP, then strings, and on to an endless parade of gimmicks, including Afro-Cuban bands, Charlie's big band, vocal groups, etc. Although much of this is told with an air of sanctimony, one cannot really argue with Granz. These are Parker's Travels in the imaginary lands of schedules and contracts. The "Story of Charlie Parker" is a search for form that he may never have found because he always possessed it.

The small combo tracks such as "The Bird," "An Oscar for Treadwell," and "Laird Baird" are masterpieces of small group "blowing jazz." Parker and Gillespie play brilliant fours on "Leap Frog" and, for this writer, Parker's line on "The Song Is You" is an anthology of "licks" still played by jazzmen striving for "hipness." And that is something, in an art form as marginal as jazz.

If Mr. Granz searches out his deeds in Volume 2, he will find that "I'll Remember April" is Gerry Mulligan's "Rocker."

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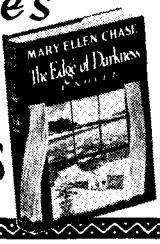

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1246

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The kind of mien that the monster Vice presents to us (A. Pope).	131 144 197 160 61 113 192 11 92
B. Subsequently.	170 125 200 111 57 5 34 69 166 120
C. Resume ownership of, on failure to receive installment payments for some object.	122 143 104 86 18 152 190 98 116
D. Fastens with rope, chain, etc.	51 43 7 164 108 22
E. Quail (2 wds.).	62 126 72 145 156 79 114 31 202
F. Colloquial for whimpered, cried.	93 32 118 45 103 14 133 154
G. Music direction for motion.	100 137 109 67 81
H. One of a people of cent. Caucasus, possibly immigrants from Persia.	9 163 106 89 48
I. Describing the part played by a super (comp.).	147 55 91 52 121 74
J. Regular collector of furnace residue.	66 21 151 173 181 8
K. Quail.	157 88 39 82 68 195 146
L. Bundle of papers containing detailed report, esp. about a criminal and his work.	183 46 19 107 155 83 169
M. Enunciated a conviction about.	201 13 149 180 139 112
N. Musical instrument like a xylophone but having metal plates to be struck.	135 179 70 150 189 15 182 49 29 162 194 44
O. The position of power (2 wds.).	193 54 132 30 76 71 27 42
P. Possessed by the noble or courageous (2 wds.).	171 26 78 185 148 20 41 33 123
Q. One of the great apes, chiefly herbivorous.	105 136 73 85 128 178 188 3 28 159 199
R. Great river of northern Texas, dammed for irrigation, 1924.	65 130 177 94 56 184 172
S. Readily available (2 wds.).	124 129 102 167 176 84
T. Bared.	142 24 47 38 101 117 4 40 186 64
U. Determine legally the precise amount of damages or obligation.	174 127 141 2 23 97 63 10 37
V. Monday's powerful anagram.	187 53 198 6 1 17 60
W. Short piece of wool combed out from longer fibers.	96 191 158 196
X. Large number: of nails or slates, 1200 or even 1260.	138 58 153 161 110 95 12 80
Y. A kind of cement used to fill holes in wood or stone.	168 90 134 59 25 165 99 35
Z. Zealously religious.	119 16 175 75 115 50 140 87 77 36

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 V	2 U	3 Q	4 T		5 B	6 V	7 D		8 J	9 H	10 U
	11 A	12 X	13 M	14 F	15 N	16 Z	17 V	18 C	19 L	20 P	21 J	22 D	23 U	24 T	25 Y		26 P
27 O		28 Q	29 N	30 O	31 E	32 F	33 P	34 B	35 Y	36 Z	37 U		38 T	39 K		40 T	41 P
42 O		43 D	44 N	45 F	46 L	47 T	48 H		49 N	50 Z	51 D	52 I	53 V		54 O	55 I	56 R
57 B		58 X	59 Y	60 V		61 A	62 E	63 U	64 T		65 R	66 J	67 G		68 K	69 B	70 N
71 O	72 E		73 Q	74 I	75 Z		76 O	77 Z	78 P	79 E	–	80 X	81 G	82 K	83 L	84 S	
85 Q	86 C	87 Z		88 K	89 H	90 Y	91 I	92 A	93 F		94 R	95 X	96 W	97 U	98 C	99 Y	100 G
101 T		102 S	103 F		104 C	105 Q	106 H	107 L	108 D	109 G	110 X	111 B	112 M		113 A	114 E	115 Z
	116 C	117 T	118 F	119 Z		120 B	121 I	122 C	123 P		124 S	125 B		126 E	127 U	128 Q	129 S
130 R	131 A	132 O	133 F	134 Y		135 N	136 Q	137 G	138 X	139 M	140 Z	141 U	142 T	143 C	144 A	145 E	146 K
	147 I	148 P	149 M	150 N	151 J		152 C	153 X		154 F	155 L	156 E	157 K	158 W	159 Q	160 A	161 X
162 N	163 H	164 D	165 Y	166 B		167 S	168 Y	169 L	170 B	171 P	172 R	173 J		174 U	175 Z	176 S	177 R
178 Q	179 N	180 M		181 J	182 N	183 L		184 R	185 P	186 T		187 V	188 Q	189 N	190 C		191 W
192 A		193 O	194 N	195 K	196 W	197 A	198 V	199 Q	200 B	201 M	202 E						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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